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Addison -
Interesting anec-
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INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

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APPENDIX TO VOLUME
OF THE HISTORY OF THE
UNITED STATES

1848

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A
COLLECTION
OF INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS, &c.

ANECDOTE
OF
JAMES DUKE OF YORK,
SECOND SON OF CHARLES I.

THE Duke of York, it is said, one day told the King his brother, that he had heard so much of old Milton, he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the Duke, that he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly shortly after, James, having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, “ Whether he did not think the loss of his

B “ fight

“ fight was a judgement upon him for what he had
 “ written against the late King his father?” Milton’s
 reply was to this effect: ‘ If your Highness thinks
 ‘ that the calamities which befall us here, are indica-
 ‘ tions of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are
 ‘ we to account for the fate of the King your father?
 ‘ The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposi-
 ‘ tion, have been much greater against him than
 ‘ against me; for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost
 ‘ his *head*.’ The Duke was exceedingly nettled at
 this answer, and went away soon after very angry.
 When he came back to the court, the first thing he
 said to the King, was, “ Brother, you are greatly to
 “ blame that you don’t have that old rogue Milton
 “ hanged.”—‘ Why, what’s the matter, James?’ said
 the King, ‘ you seem in a heat! what, have you seen
 ‘ Milton?’—“ Yes,” answered the Duke, “ I have
 “ seen him.”—‘ Well,’ said the King, ‘ In what
 ‘ condition did you find him?’—“ Condition!” replied
 the Duke, “ why he’s old, and very poor.”—‘ Old
 ‘ and poor!’ said the King; ‘ well, and he is blind,
 ‘ is he not?’—“ Yes,” said the Duke, “ blind as a
 “ beetle.”—‘ Why then you are a fool, James,’ re-
 plied the King, ‘ to want to have him hanged as a
 ‘ punishment: to hang him will be doing him a ser-
 ‘ vice; it will be taking him out of his miseries. No,
 ‘ if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough
 ‘ in all conscience: let him live.’

INTERESTING

INTERESTING ANECDOTE
OF
PETER THE THIRD OF CASTILE.

A Canon of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dress, particularly in his shoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes not made to please his taste, the Canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows on the head, as laid him dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year*.

The young shoemaker having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and, overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession, at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair, got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to

be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and, after asking the young man what profession he was, *I forbid you*, said he, *to make shoes for a year to come.*

FATAL EFFECTS OF FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

THE STORY OF FLAVILLA.

I Have before remarked, that, “to abstain from the appearance of evil,” is a precept in that law which has every characteristic of divinity; and I have, in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to inforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is
strongly

strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation: and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because; as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal: virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity, and modest reserve, have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite. Chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general, when the town is surrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute: if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarize any beauty, without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who
should

should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to alledge the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate but impress the precept which they contain.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage was sold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality: they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain, nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty, but her wit: these qualifications she considered,

dered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered: and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did nor said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants, who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged

encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation

to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her,

“ That he often reflected, with inexpressible regret,
 “ upon her resentment of his conduct in a late in-
 “ stance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of
 “ his affection were insuperable obstacles to his mar-
 “ riage; that where there was no liberty, there could
 “ be no happiness: that he should become indif-
 “ ferent to the endearments of love, when they could
 “ no longer be distinguished from the officiousness
 “ of duty: that while they were happy in the pos-
 “ session of each other, it would be absurd to sup-
 “ pose they would part; and that if this happiness
 “ should cease, it would not only insure but aggra-
 “ vate their misery to be inseparably united; that
 “ this event was less probable, in proportion as their
 “ co-habitation was voluntary; but that he would
 “ make such provision for her upon her contin-
 “ gency,

“ gency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He
 “ conjured her not to determine under the influence
 “ of prejudice and custom, but according to the
 “ laws of reason and nature. After mature delibe-
 “ ration,” said he, “ remember that the whole
 “ value of my life depends upon your will. I do
 “ not request an explicit consent, with whatever
 “ transport I might behold the lovely confusion
 “ which it might produce. I shall attend you in a
 “ few days; with the anxiety, though not with the
 “ guilt, of a criminal who waits for the decision of
 “ his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never
 “ part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more.”

Flavilla had too much understanding, as well as
 virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal.
 She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be
 admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation
 to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she
 shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole
 circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exul-
 tation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at
 the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she consi-
 dered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as
 a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity
 of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without
 apology or restraint.

It

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant Trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged, rather by curiosity than hope, to inquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no designs upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother, giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own

was

was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger: a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify

gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded, with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May-Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at publick places. Her beauty and
her

her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity; when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase;—a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet, to screen her from publick infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his own resentment, he told him, that “ if he had taken
 “ Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked
 “ it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he
 “ would have satisfied his creditors; but that his
 “ marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should
 “ never have another shilling of his money; and he
 “ was determined to see him no more.” Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained reply; and believing that
 he

he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields; and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But the remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished; the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera: sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from the town; she came home some-

times at midnight, and sometimes in the morning ; and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person who had hired the lodgings for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known ; but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence ; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messages and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant

distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, “ that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid.”— This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered, with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that ‘ those only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril.’ Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger; and from that moment she determined, when Mercator returned, to give warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that "Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station."

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that "he had no reason to be alarmed; for

“ for that she had no exception to his lady, but those
 “ gaieties which her station and the fashion suffi-
 “ ently authorised.” Mercator’s suspicions, how-
 ever, were not wholly removed; and he began to
 think he had found a confidant whom it would be
 his interest to trust: he therefore, in the folly of his
 jealousy, confessed, ‘ that he had some doubts con-
 ‘ cerning his wife, which it was of the utmost im-
 ‘ portance to his honour and his peace to resolve:
 ‘ he intreated that he might continue in the apart-
 ‘ ment another year: that, as he should again leave
 ‘ the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no
 ‘ incident, which might confirm either his hopes or
 ‘ his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and
 ‘ at his return she would give him such an account
 ‘ as would at least deliver him from the torment of
 ‘ suspense, and determine his future conduct.’

There is no sophistry more general than that by
 which we justify a busy and scrupulous inquiry after
 secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without
 hope of redress; and no service to which others are
 so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To
 communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity,
 especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of
 folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice
 but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent
 an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse
 wretchedness

wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife, and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears; but, when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extacy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

Flavilla,

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in the interval of languor and retirement, Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady which sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received, was the ground-floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the Horse-Guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face, than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family, and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance,

countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by its appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After such deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult

difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants: and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind; and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately, and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He, had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it ever produce any suspicion.

He

He was now hasting to inquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to inquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, “ that the child “ was born within eight months after his last return “ from abroad; that it was said to have come before “ its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was “ refused.” This indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation, Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child’s birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had
 been

been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down, and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness.

edness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle, believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that "the resentment which he expressed at his
 " marriage, was every day increased by the conduct
 " of his wife, whose character was now become
 " notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen
 " at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom
 " she appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune, and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction,
 consented

consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her: she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet, which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence, and dishonouring his bed: "of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to dis-

cover

cover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered Fulvius' business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return; that

that if possible, the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet; which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving, that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter, knew both the hand and the seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:—

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should
 “ not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances,
 “ but those in which I write. I do not, therefore,
 “ but for your sake, wish them other than they are.
 “ The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now
 “ lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion
 “ and

“ and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide
 “ my pen. But I most earnestly intreat to see you,
 “ that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear
 “ me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal
 “ our reconciliation on my lips, while they are yet
 “ sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post-horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the

levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

WHEN the amiable Duchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, called the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for herself and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expences for the night, 14 louis d'ors." In vain did he remonstrate: the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Duchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congé's, and expressing many thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her Grace's company on her return.

" Why,

“ Why, I don’t know but I may,” said the Duchess, with her usual good humour; “ but it must be upon
 “ one condition, that you do not mistake me for
 “ your sign.”

ON TENDERNESS

TO

THE ANIMAL CREATION,

AND THE COMMON BARBARITY OF OUR MOST
 CELEBRATED AMUSEMENTS.

DURING the time of the celebrated Thomas Kouli Kahn, it was a common amusement with him and his officers, to take a number of asses, and try who could make the deepest incision in the backs of those unfortunate animals with a sabre; he that cut farthest was allowed the reputation of the strongest man; and frequently it happened that one of the miserable creatures was entirely divided asunder by the force of a single stroke. This anecdote was mentioned at a club, to which I have the honour of belonging, by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity and good sense, who was many years a resident in Persia, and was an occasional spectator at several of these inhuman diversions; the whole company, to their honour it must be mentioned,

expressed an honest abhorrence at such barbarous relaxations; and we all congratulated ourselves upon living in a country, where it would be scandalous, for the very first orders, to imitate the Persian hero in his brutal exercises.

When I got home, however, I could not help reflecting, that, notwithstanding the conscious pride of heart which we all possessed in the moment of self-congratulation, a number of amusements could be pointed out in this kingdom considerably more barbarous than the practice of hewing an ass to pieces, though this appeared so justly shocking to our imaginations: nay, what is still worse, the enjoyment of several barbarities is particularly reserved for people of the first figure and understanding, as if those, whose feelings should be uncommonly tender, had an additional title to the commission of cruelties; and as if a violent outrage upon every sentiment of humanity should be the peculiar privilege of birth and fortune.—My readers may be surprised at this observation upon the people of England; yet let me ask, if it be more cruel to torture an ass, than to torture a stag? or whether it is not even more compassionate to dispatch the first at a blow, than to pursue the latter for a number of hours, increasing the wretched animal's agony at every step, and yielding it up at last to a death that must

must harrow up the bosom of any good-natured man, who allows himself a moment's space for reflection ?

The more in reality that we consider this point, the more we shall find it necessary to condemn the inhabitants of this civilized, this benevolent country. The Persian, when he dispatches the unfortunate ass, commits no trespass upon the property of his neighbour, nor manifests any disregard to the distresses of a friend: the animal whom he destroys is his own, it is confined to a particular spot, and nobody can suffer in its death but himself; whereas in the prosecution of the chase with us, we trample inconsiderately through half a country, perhaps, over the corn grounds and inclosures, which the industrious farmer has cultivated, or planted, at a very great expence; and if the person, whom we thus injure, expresses any resentment at our conduct, we possibly horsewhip him for his insolence, and send him home with the reparation of a bleeding head, to comfort his wife and children. This is not all, in the phrenzy of a hunting match, as well as being insensible to the wrongs which we offer to others, we become wholly unmindful of the prejudice which we do ourselves; for let our lives be of never such consequence to our families, we become regardless of danger; we never hesitate at leaps that are manifestly

festly big with destruction; and even if the brother of our breast should meet with any accident in this mad-headed course, so far from stopping to assist him, we make an absolute jest of his misfortune, and express a sense of pleasure in proportion as we find him involved in distress; if he dislocates a leg or an arm by a fall from his horse, he affords us an exquisite entertainment; but if he actually fractures his skull, our mirth becomes extravagant, and we continue wild with delight, till happiness is totally effaced by intoxication.

The civilized nations of Europe are extremely ready, upon all occasions, to stigmatize every other part of the world with the epithet of barbarians, though the appellation might with infinitely more propriety, be conferred upon themselves. Among the politest of our neighbours, there are a thousand customs kept up, which would fill the most uncultivated savage with horror, and give him, if possible, a still more contemptible idea of christianity. An Indian Brachmin, for instance, will frequently go to the sea-side, while the fishermen are drawing their nets, and purchase a whole boat full of fish for the humane satisfaction of restoring the expiring creatures to their natural element, and snatching them from death; nay, the tenderness of the Brachmins is so excessive, with regard to the animal creation, that

that they have been known to purchase cattle at an extraordinary price, merely to save them from slaughter; compassionately thinking the lowing heifer, or the bleating lamb, an equal, though an humble heir of existence, with themselves. What, then, would men of this exalted benevolence think of the British nation, were they to see with what solemnity the right of murdering an innocent partridge, or a harmless hare, is settled by the legislative power of the kingdom? were they to see the armies, which, at particular seasons, issue forth to destroy the warbling inhabitants of the air, for actual diversion; the sporting tenants of the river, for idle recreation? But above all, what would they feel to see a generous domestic little bird, scandalously tied to the stake, and denied the smallest change of life, at the eve of a sacred fast, set apart by our holy religion for the purposes of extraordinary sanctity, and the business of unusual mortification?—It is impossible to imagine what they would feel, when there are even Christians to be found, who cannot see the practice without horror, nor think of it without tears!

I am far from carrying my notions of tenderness to the animal creation beyond the bounds of reason, as the Brachmins do, who think it irreligious to feed upon any thing which has been ever endued with life; because I believe, the great Author of all things

things designed these animals principally for the use and sustenance of man: yet, at the same time that I suppose they were formed by the Deity for the relief of our necessities, I cannot imagine he ever intended they should be tortured through wantonness, or destroyed for diversion; nor can I imagine, but that even the superstitious forbearance of the Brachmins is infinitely more pleasing in his sight, than the inconsiderate cruelty of those who profess an immediate obedience to his word. A God, all mercy, never takes delight in the unnecessary agony of a creature, whom he has been pleased to endue with existence; we therefore offer an insult to him, when we give a needless pang to the meanest of his creatures; and absolutely pervert the design of his providence, whenever we sacrifice those animals to our amusements, which he has constituted entirely for the relief of our wants. I have thrown out these reflections with a benevolent purpose, as such numbers of the ignorant and the thoughtless are apt to promote their amusements at the expence of their humanity; should what I have here offered be attended with the reformation but of an individual, I shall think my time well employed. Ridicule I must naturally expect from numbers, for daring to combat with favourite prejudices; but it is my consolation, that no witticism whatever, which may be aimed

aimed at me as a writer, can, on the present subject of animadversion, do me the minutest injury as a man.

LORENZO AND VIOLETTA.

A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

FAMILY divisions frequently spring from very immaterial accidents, which gather strength by repetition, till they are augmented in so formidable a manner, as to sweep before them all the domestic virtues, and abolish all the amiable tenderness for which woman was originally intended by the divine Creator. I have been a frequent spectator of such scenes of infelicity. Where I was in most expectation of finding the celestial seeds of connubial happiness flourishing in exquisite beauty, there have I been the most disappointed. Instead of beholding a paradise, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occasions me to publish the following observations. For these may be of utility to society; as by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

LORENZO and VIOLETTA, have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in respect of fortune and age; the one being sufficiently

sufficiently affluent for the purchase, and the other for the enjoyment, of the pleasures of life. For some time after the celebration of the nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondness, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, instead of increasing, diminished their regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew less attractive to his heart; and his conversation grew less engaging, the more she partook of the natural levity of her sex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance; she found more pleasure in discharging her visits, than her domestic offices. In short, both became disintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular, their conversation little; till, at last, their affection seemed dwindled away to nothing, but a ceremonial complaisance. Nature was soon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually bursting the formality of reserve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneasiness to one or the other; which were productive of such disputes, as often terminated in a shiness for two and sometimes for three days together. Though they were both so far estranged from the lambent flame of love, their disagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honesty, by a recollection which just served to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but still they were continually

continually manifesting the difference of their tempers. They were both hastily passionate; he was sometimes furiously ill-natured, while she was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both sensible of their folly, yet they still persisted in their obstinacy: if he spoke warm, she reddened with a glow of anger; if he was desirous of tranquillity, she grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the ostentation of fortune, were often handled backwards and forwards; this ushered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a misguided passion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently swore, she railed; and blows ensued. She felt the effects of his violence; he bore the marks of her fury. When their passions abated, she sat pensively venting the gushing sorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and, after innumerable caresses, recomposed her agitated spirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderness: they gently upbraided themselves, confessed their folly, resolved to oppose the excursions of passion, and for some time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when passion has once got the head, reason vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became sensible of their smothered affection, yet they never
endeavoured

endeavoured to light up the extinguished lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate sallies; and were at last, so habituated to such an ignominious custom, as to give an unbounded loose to their passions before company, till they are now become the derision of all their acquaintance. As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him on his indiscretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, professes the strongest affection for his wife, and solemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed.

Violetta is also sensible of her erroneous behaviour, esteems her husband, and wears the throne of chastity on her brow. They are equally conscious of their faults, are equally sorry for them; and are equally desirous of correcting them: but they are so absolutely devoted to the storms of passion, as to be equally incapable of executing those salutary resolutions, which they are thoroughly sensible can alone give pleasure to the bridal bed, happiness to the prime of life, and comfort to the declension of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two persons, once united by the silken band of love, should so disown its empire, for the gratification of some ridiculous humour, it is most astonishing! That two persons, who could so easily enjoy the beauties of life, should so voluntarily banish themselves

felves from the flowery road of happiness, is amazing! But their conduct serves only to evince this golden maxim—that reason is the best gift of nature; for without her sacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are less happy than peasants in their cottages.

JUVENILE DEGENERACY.

IF we take an enlarged view of the conduct of the younger part of the community, and survey their numerous foibles with attention and seriousness, our feelings will be greatly alarmed, and our attention irresistibly arrested. It must be obvious to every impartial and attentive observer, that the British youth, for the most part, are too unhappily prone to every vice of disgrace, disrepute, and ruin. Every amiable disposition, from the force, perhaps, of bad example, or fatal delusion, is corrupted and destroyed by an attachment to the most shameful excesses of irregular pleasure. Extravagance in dress, a vain ostentation of their persons, sensuality and impiety, are the leading features of their conduct. They plunge into a dangerous gulph of sin and absurd ambition; connecting themselves with the
most

most loose and profligate, and sacrificing their all at the shrine of low sensuality and dishonour. Every virtuous motive is expunged from sober reflection, as the source of madness and melancholy.

Those virtues, the possession of which constitute the real and only permanent happiness of every rational being, are entirely disregarded, and considered as unimportant acquisitions and useless perfections. Piety, modesty, sympathy, charity, temperance, rectitude, fidelity, and all the finest feelings of human nature, are held in disdain and contempt; while sinful pleasure, in all its gay and fashionable allurements, is eagerly sought after and embraced.

Would youth but listen to the voice and persuasions of conscience, the vicegerent of God himself; would they but shun temptations in every point of view with a just abhorrence, and cultivate such manly and benevolent affections as are in themselves amiable or commendable; how much more solid pleasure and felicity might they enjoy, in comparison of those grovelling and contemptible pursuits, which reflect the highest disgrace on the natural character of a just and reasonable human creature! And yet, how many thousands are there, who debase their own nature, by a continued course of depraved and vicious gratifications! However lamentable the idea of such conduct may appear to every virtuous and considerate

considerate person, daily observation too glaringly confirms the truth of this remark.

How graceful and becoming, on the other hand, would it appear in youth, were they to seek the the lonely habitations of the necessitous and distressed, and alleviate the sorrows of real poverty and misfortune! The sweet reflection of having relieved and comforted the fatherless and the widow can only be known to the compassionate, the liberal, and the merciful. Instead of indulging in immoral pleasures, by poisoning their minds, and rendering their mental faculties callous to every gentle feeling; would it not be more meritorious and pleasing, and above all highly acceptable to the great Father of the universe, to accustom themselves to contemplate the miseries of human life?—I repeat it—to visit the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan? These are affections which ought particularly to be esteemed and cherished. Oh! say, ye happy possessors of riches, sympathy, and benevolence, whether young or old, how great a blessing it is to bless and feel another's woe!

TO A FRIEND.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of happiness!

And happier yet, because thou art blest
With prudence how to choose the best.

In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
Thy noble, innocent delight.

Oh! who would change these soft, but solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise?

Who would not choose at early morn to wake,
That of the garden's charms they might partake?

The garden yields each day a fresh delight,
Regales the ear, the smell, touch, taste, and sight;
It yields a calm and cool retreat

From fell ambition's burning heat;

The thirst of av'rice here does never rage;

The garden's charms such passions can assuage;

Custom don't shed that influence here,

Which tyrannizes all the year

O'er such as dupes to fashion would appear. }

We no where art do so triumphant see,

As when the gard'ner grafts or buds a tree.

He bids the four crab to produce

The wholesome apple's pleasant juice;

The rustic plumb and hawthorn he does teach
 The one to bear a pear, th' other a blooming peach.
 Where do we finer strokes or colours see
 Than on the painted tulip, or the verdant tree?
 And if we do but ope the mental eye,
 Reflection sweet would lead us soon t'espy
 E'en in a bush the radiant Deity. }
 Scarce any plant is growing there,
 Which against death some weapon does not bear.
 Let cities boast that they provide
 For life the ornaments of pride;
 But 'tis the garden and the field,
 That furnish them with staff and shield.
 Who that has reason, and has smell,
 Would not with roses and sweet jessamine dwell,
 Rather than all their spirits choak
 With exhalations of a city's smoke?
 Where rank ambition daily breeds [weeds.
 Flow'rs fair to view, which oft prove pois'nous
 Nor does this happy place only dispense
 Such various pleasures to the sense:
 Here blooming health itself does live,
 That salt of life which does to all a relish give;
 Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
 The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune,
 health.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Certain popular Nobleman, in his return from Bath to London, was so delighted with his entertainment at a great Inn in his road, that he staid there a fortnight, with his retinue. On his departure, he took his leave of the landlord with great expressions of perfect satisfaction; but never asked for his bill. The landlord carried his politeness so far as not to deliver his account till his Lordship was seated in his carriage, and just ready to set off. His Lordship looked at the sum total, which was only two hundred pounds, said the bill was extremely reasonable, and bade the coachman drive on.

BON MOT

OF

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

THE great Henry IV. of France being asked by one of his haughty favourites, why his Majesty gave himself the trouble to return the salute of so many beggars, who made their obedience to him in the streets, replied, "Because, I would not have my beggars in the streets exceed me in complaisance."

ON JEALOUSY.

BEFORE the temple of marriage, which is holy and sacred, we place the statue of jealousy, and daily offer a thousand sacrifices of sinister suspicions; yet it is far better to think well of a hundred that are ill, than ill of one that is innocent. A woman often is made loyal, by thinking her loyal: and he that doubts faith, well observed, puts himself in danger to ruin it by his suspicion; for many there are who care not to forsake innocence, when they have lost reputation. And when they are grounded in an opinion that their actions are ill interpreted, they thereby become apt to entertain all sorts of mischief. Jealousy is a bad daughter, born of a good house, which is that of love and honour: she hath eyes (like envy) so bleared, that they cannot endure a ray of the virtue or prosperity of another: a most unhappy passion, which, after it hath tormented all the world, devoureth itself, usually growing from the most beautiful loves, as those worms which are said to issue from the fairest flowers, or as the sharpest vinegar proceeding from the best wines: an executioner retained within our own entrails.

He that is good of himself, will hardly believe evil of another, and will rather distrust his own

senses, than the fidelity of those he trusted. A small satisfaction contents those whom guilt hath not made scrupulous. Let your suspicions be charitable, your trust fearful, your censure sure. Jealousy is the phrenzy of wise men, the well-wishing spite and unkind carefulness; the self-punishment for others' faults; self-misery in others' happiness; in its limits, the daughter of love, and mother of hate. He that is truly good of himself, will hardly suspect evil of another; many have taught others to deceive, while they have appeared too jealous of being deceived. Open suspicion of others comes from a secret condemning of ourselves. Where distrust begins, friendship ends. It is no shame to be somewhat suspicious in matter of danger; whereas it is a great shame to be deceived through our own folly and facility: yet our suspicions ought to be grounded upon good presumptions; otherwise suspicion, fearing enemies, will make an enemy; but wisdom knows trust ought here to be applied, and makes suspicion jealous of losing him by suspicion. What this humour doeth undirected, it undoeth what directed full of preservation.

Jealousy is nothing else but love, impatient of a co-rival. The envious man cannot endure it, out of the hatred he hath of another man's contentment; and the jealous cannot suffer it, through the over-
much

much love he beareth to himself, perpetually fearing lest the communication of love may tend to the diminution of the good he possesseth, or pretends to have a right to possess. It is undoubted that a good husband makes his wife loyal by accounting her such; and that he who suspecteth evil in an innocent creature, gives her occasion of sin. Moreover, the jealous man, like Ixion, lives upon the wheel of an eternal torment.

Alexander the Great was so free from suspicion, that he received with one hand the drink, which his physician brought him, and with the other shewed him the letter, by which he was advised that Darius had promised him great rewards to poison him. A noble disposition cannot believe that in another, which is not in himself, and will never distrust those whose services have deserved their trust. Suspicion is as great an enemy to wisdom as credulity.

It is but the middle kind of wits that are capable of this contagion: excellent ones are above, and mean ones below it; these are ignorant of the occasions, and the other unmoved with them. It is in this that stupidity arrives at the same points as wisdom, and clowns are as happy as philosophers. But those that afflict themselves for misfortunes, where there is no remedy but patience, do entertain this error in the world, and have a whole moon in their head,

head, when they think they have but half a one in their forehead. It is a passion very senseless, whereby we afflict ourselves, without obliging any body; and make a torment in this world, for fear of missing it in the next. If we discover our suspicions to be false, we are obliged to a repentance: if we find them true, we cannot be too miserable for being too curious.

Jealousy hath no bounds to its invention, but impossibility: there is no malice black enough to blind this passion's capacity; it gives craft to the dullest, and perverts the most virtuous to seek satisfaction for this injury.

Some, that are none of the chastest, are yet jealous of their husbands, and violate the law of nature, as well as of divinity, not enduring to be paid what they lend. An ingenuous liberty is a better guard than any restraint. Freedom extinguishes desire, and interdiction kindles it. When the opportunities of sin are common, they are neglected; when they are rare, they are made use of, lest they should not be met with again so commodiously. Jealousy is for love, envy for fortune, and emulation for virtue: the goods of fortune are too gross and material; those of love too light for our minds; only those of virtue deserve to be made their object. It is for her only that competitors endure one another in their designs;

designs; and there is no more sedition or dispute amongst them, than there is for the impropriation of the light of the sun, or the influence of the stars.

To find a retreat for the persecution of jealousy, let us make use of holy Joseph and the Virgin, to teach us that the chastest of women has made jealous the most innocent of men. There is sometimes more misfortunes in it than ill-meaning: we must neglect the apparency like him, and suffer suspicions like her. It is no small consolation to think, that after all the proofs and testimonies that may seem to be contrived to make us to conclude ill, it is better in this extremity to believe a miracle, than a sin; and to acknowledge the power of God, rather than the weakness of the creature.

ANECDOTE
OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN Elizabeth (said Sir Walter Raleigh) would set the reason of her meanest subjects against the authority of her greatest counsellors. By her patience herein, she raised the ordinary customs of London, above fifty thousand pounds a year, without any imposition. The Lord Burleigh, the Earl

Earl of Leicester, and Secretary Walsingham, (all three pensioners to Customer Smith) joined to set themselves against a poor waiter of the custom-house, called Cardwarder, and commanded the grooms of the chamber not to give him admission. But the Queen sent for him, on a petition, which he delivered into her hand, and gave him countenance against them all. It would not serve the turn with her to be told by her great officers, that she disgraced them by allowing her ear to the complaints of busy heads, and that she dishonoured her own dignity. She had always this to answer:—

“ That if men should complain unjustly against her
 “ Ministers, she knew well enough how to punish
 “ them; but if they had reason for the complaint
 “ they offered, she was Queen of all, the *small*
 “ as well as the *great*, and would not suffer herself
 “ to be besieged by servants, who could have no
 “ motive for wishing it, but their interest in the
 “ oppression of others.”

ANECDOTE OF SULLY,

MINISTER TO HENRY IV.

MADAME d'Entragues, Henry's favourite mistress, was extremely angry with Sully one day, on his not immediately paying to her brother, some

some

some gratuity which that Monarch had ordered him.
 “The King,” said she to him, “would act very
 “singularly indeed, if he were to displace persons of
 “quality merely to give into your notions. And
 “pray, Sir, to whom should a king be kind, if not
 “to his relations, his courtiers, and his mistresses?”
 ‘That might be very well, Madam,’ replied Sully,
 ‘if the king took the money out of his own purse;
 ‘but in general he takes it out of those of shop-
 ‘keepers, artisans, labourers, and farmers. These
 ‘persons enable him to live. One master is enough
 ‘for us, and we have no occasion for such a number
 ‘of courtiers, of princes, and of king’s mistresses.’

THE DUTIES

THAT OUGHT TO SUBSIST

BETWEEN FRIEND AND FRIEND.

OF all the relations wherein we stand towards
 one another, there is none more strict and
 binding, none more necessary and beneficial, than
 that of Friendship. For human nature is imperfect;
 it has not fund enough to furnish out a solitary life;
 and the most delicious place, barred from all com-
 merce and society, would be insupportable. Besides
 there are so many adverse accidents attending us,
 that,

that, without the communion of friendship, virtue itself is not able to accomplish its end; because the best good man, on several occasions, often wants an assistant to direct his judgment, quicken his industry, and fortify his spirits. ‘A brother,’ indeed, as the wise man observes, ‘was born for adversity; but there is a friend, that sticketh closer than a brother;’ and therefore he that has found this precious treasure has laid up a good foundation against the day of trouble; because every true and real friendship will be an alloy to his sorrows, an ease to his passions, a sanctuary to his calamities, a relief of his oppressions, a repository of his secrets, a counsellor of his doubts, and an advocate for his interest, both with God and man. And yet, as necessary and beneficial as this relation is, in all conditions of life, there is no one thing wherein we mistake ourselves more. Men usually call them their friends with whom they have an intimacy, though that intimacy, perhaps, is nothing else but an union and combination in sin. The drunkard, for instance, thinks him his friend who will swallow wine in bowls, and keep him company in his debauches; the proud man, him his friend who will blow up the bladder, and indulge his vanity with fulsome flattery; and the deceitful man, him his friend that will aid and assist him in carrying on his schemes

schemes of fraud and dishonesty. But, alas! this is so far from being friendship, that it deserves a very different appellation. A true friend loves his friend, so that he is very zealous for his good; and certainly he that is really so, will never be the instrument of bringing him into the greatest evil. How far soever, then, a resemblance in humour or opinion, a fancy for the same business or diversion, may, on some occasions, be a ground of affection; yet this is generally allowed, both by moralists and divines, that virtue is the only proper foundation of friendship, and that none but good men are capable of it: and, among these, it may not improperly be defined to be—An industrious pursuit of our friend's real advantages, or obliging ourselves to do unto him all the good offices that our fidelity and assistance, our advice and admonition, our candour and constancy, can effect.

Friendship, both in the Latin and Greek languages, takes its denomination from love: and as love is every where the same, so there is no principle more faithful, and what less consults the arts of dissimulation. A friend therefore will pursue the advantages of those he truly loves, as if they were his own; because there will be no great difference between the power of self-love, and the love of a person whom, by the laws of friendship, he is bound to love

love as well as himself. From this principle he espouses his interest, whether the opportunities of doing him service be known to him or not: he maintains his honour and right, though invaded by the most potent adversary, or struck at by the most clandestine malice. And, as he suffers none he can hinder to injure his character or fortune, so he is especially careful himself to avoid all ill-bred familiarities in company, or mercenary incroachments upon his good nature; as very well knowing, that friendship, though it be not nice and exceptionless, yet must not be treated coarsely; and that the neglect of good manners therein, is the want of its greatest ornament. Above all, he is continually upon his guard to keep the secrets, which his friend has reposed in his breast, with the most sacred taciturnity; because a discovery of these, in the opinion of the wise Son of Sirac, who well understood the laws and punctualities of friendship, is an offence, of all others, the most provoking and the most unpardonable. For 'who so discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but, if thou betrayest his secrets, follow no more after him; for, as one letteth a bird out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shall not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far

far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up; and, after reviling, there may be a reconciliation; but he that betrayeth secrets is without hope.'

How far the measure of mutual assistance ought to extend among friends, is not so easy a matter, in each particular, to determine; but this we may say, in general, that as far as opportunity, discretion, and former pre-engagements will give us leave, we may be allowed to go; and that to break upon the score of danger or expence is narrow-spirited; provided the assistance may be given without ruin to ourselves or prejudice to a third person, without breach of honour or violation of conscience. Where the thing is unlawful, we must neither ask nor comply. All importunities against justice are feverish desires, and must not be gratified. He that would engage another in an unwarrantable action, takes him for an ill person, and, as the motion is an affront, ought to be renounced for the injury of his opinion. But where this is not the case, we ought to treat our friend, as far as prudence and justice will permit, with all the frankness and generosity imaginable; to counsel him, when he wants advice; to cheer him, when he wants comfort; to give unto him, when he wants relief; and, even with some hazard to ourselves, to rescue him, when he is in danger.

And

And in doing of this, we should consider his occasions and prevent his desires, and scarce give him time to think that he wanted our assistance; because a forwardness to oblige is a great grace upon our kindness, and that which doubles the intrinsic worth of it.

It is the observation of the wise King of Israel, 'Woe to him that is alone! for, if he falleth, he hath not another to help him up.' And this observation is verified upon none so much, as upon him that is destitute of friends; who, when he is under a perplexity of affairs, where a determination is dubious, and yet of uncommon consequence, cannot fetch in aid from another person, whose judgment may be greater than his own, and whose concern he is sure is no less. Every man, in his own affairs, is found to be less cautious than a prudent stander-by: he is generally too eagerly engaged, to make just remarks upon the progress and probability of things; and, in such a case, nothing is so proper as a judicious friend, to temper the spirits, and moderate the pursuit; to give the signal for action, to press the advantage, and strike the critical minute. Foreign intelligence may have a spy in it, and therefore should be cautiously received; strangers (I call all such, except friends) may be designing in their advice, or, if they be sincere, by
mistaking

mistaking the case, they may give wrong measures: but now an old friend has the whole scheme in his head; he knows the constitution, the disease, the strength, and the humour of him he assists; what he can do, and what he can bear; and therefore none so proper as he to prescribe, to direct the enterprise, and secure the main chance.

But, among all the offices of friendship, there is none that comes up to our aiding and assisting the soul of our friend, and endeavouring to advance his spiritual state, by exhortations and encouragements to all virtue, by earnest and vehement dissuasions from all sin, and especially by kind and gentle reproofs, where there is reason to presume an offence has been committed. This is so peculiarly the duty of a friend, that there is none besides so duly qualified for it. The reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from an affectation of superiority; of an enemy, from a spirit of malice; and of an indifferent person from pride and impertinence; and so be slighted: but when they come from one who loves us as his own soul, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they must of course take effect, and become irresistible. Self-love, like a false glass, generally represents the complexion better than nature has made it; men have no great inclination

to be prying into their own deformities, and have such unwillingness to hear of their faults that whoever undertakes the work, had need have a strong prepossession in his favour; and therefore the friend, that alone is qualified for it, acts the part of a flatterer, and betrays the offender into security, when he sees him commit things worthy of blame, and yet silently passes them by. ‘Open reproof,’ says the wise man, ‘is better than such secret love; for faithful are the words of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.’

But though we are required to admonish our friend when we see him do amiss, yet the manner in which we are to do it, will require our utmost care, and shew our skill and address, as well as our love and esteem for him. ‘A word, fitly spoken,’ says Solomon, ‘is like apples of gold in pictures of silver: as an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.’ What gracefulness there is in colours judiciously chosen, and rightly put together; what agreeableness there is in the most valuable metals, so oppositely placed as to add to each other’s lustre; what beauty arises from the richest and choicest ornaments; such is the gratefulness, such is the excellency, such is the beauty of a wise reproof, fitted to the occasion of it, to the person and character of those

those that reprove, and of those that are reprov'd: and this, in the case of friends, ought certainly to be managed with all candour and kindness, with all meekness and humility, without any signs of bitterness, and words of reproach, or airs of superiority.

But though we are allowed in this manner to reprove the faults of our friend, yet are we to remember that this is to be done in private; and that no care must be wanting, on our parts, to conceal them from the knowledge of others. And it is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes, and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his errors, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, and proclaim his virtues upon the house-top. This, as one expresses it, is an imitation of the charities of heaven, which, when the creature lies prostrate in the weakness of sleep, spreads the covering of night and darkness over it, to conceal it in that condition; but as soon as our spirits are refreshed, and nature returns to its morning vigour, God then bids the sun rise, and shine upon the day, both to advance and shew our activity.

These are some of the duties or approved qualities of friendship, viz. to be faithful in our professions, and zealous in our services, prudent in our advices, and gentle in our reproofs, to our friend; to

be dumb to his secrets, silent to his faults, and full of the commendations of his virtues; and, where these are mutually practised, there is less danger of the remaining duty, which is constancy, or such a stability and firmness of friendship as overlooks and passes by all those lesser failures of kindness and respect, that, through frailties incident to human nature, a man may be sometimes guilty of; and yet still retain the same habitual good-will, and prevailing propensity of mind to his friend, that he had before. Alas! there is no expecting the temper of paradise in the corruption of the world: the best of people cannot be always the same, always awake and entertaining; the accidents of life, the indispositions of health, the imperfections of reason, must be allowed for; nor must every ambiguous expression, or every little chagrin, or start of passion, be thought a sufficient cause of disunion. ‘Ointment and perfume,’ says the wise man, ‘rejoice the heart;’ so does the sweetness of a man’s friend;’ whereupon it follows, ‘thine own friend and thy father’s friend forsake not.’ To part with a tried friend, and one that is grown old, as it were, in the service of the family, besides the injustice done him, is both unreasonable levity, such as argues a mind governed by caprice only, and egregious folly, such as prodigally cast away one of the greatest blessings of human

human life. For ‘ a faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure.’ And as nothing can countervail a faithful friend, so when we have once entered into that relation, I know of nothing that should dissolve it, but either downright malevolence or incorrigible vice. These indeed strike at the fundamentals, and make a correspondence impracticable; but, even when the case comes to this unhappy pass, there is still a decency in the manner of our disunion, and prudence seems to direct that we should draw off by degrees, rather than come to an open rupture.

From what has been said on this subject, it seems plainly to follow, that every one is not qualified to enter into the relation of friendship, wherein there is occasion for largeness of mind and agreeableness of temper; for prudence of behaviour, for courage and constancy, for freedom from passion and self-conceit. A man that is fit to be made a friend of, must have conduct to manage the engagement, and resolution to maintain it; he must use freedom without roughness, and oblige without design. Cowardice will betray friendship, and covetousness will starve it; folly will be nauseous; passion is apt to ruffle; and pride will fly out into contumely and neglect: and therefore, to conclude with the wisdom of the son of Sirac, in relation to the choice of a friend, ‘ If

‘thou wouldest get a friend, (says he) prove him first,
 ‘and be not hasty to credit him; for some man is a
 ‘friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the
 ‘day of thy trouble.’ As, again, ‘some friend is a
 ‘companion at the table; in thy prosperity he will be
 ‘as thyself; but if thou be brought low, he will be
 ‘against thee, and hide himself from thy face.
 ‘Wherefore, prove thy friend first, and be not hasty
 ‘to credit him.

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE

RELATING TO A

LORD ABERGAVENNY,

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Lord of Abergavenny was so fierce and
 hasty a young nobleman, that no servant or
 gentleman in that house could continue long quiet,
 but he would quarrel with them upon any small
 cause, till Mr. Perrot came thither, whom the gen-
 tlemen and serving-men perceiving to be of a bold
 spirit, comely stature, good strength, and seemingly
 courageous, they then told the young Lord of
 Abergavenny, that there was a young gentleman
 come to the house, who would match him.—“Is
 “there such a one?” said he, “let me see him.”—

And

And so coming where Mr. Perrot was, for the first salutation he asked him—"What, Sir, are you the kill-cow that must match me."—"No," said Mr. Perrot, "I am no butcher; but if you use me no better; you shall find I can give a butcher's blow." "Can you so?" said he, "I will see that."—And so being both angry, they buckled, and fell to blows; in trial and continuance whereof, the Lord Abergavenny found that he had his hands full of him, and was rather over-matched in strength, and had no advantage of him in stomach, whereby he was willing to be parted from him. So the serving-men and other gentlemen in the Marquis's house, (when they found the young Lord Abergavenny unruly) would still threaten him with Mr. Perrot.

A MEMORABLE INSTANCE

OF

HONOUR AND INTEGRITY.

A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by

by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, (giving him half a peach) "you now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learned from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far, while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood; but God is just and good,

“ good, and I thank him I am innocent of your’s;
 “ and that my faith given is preserved.”

THE STUDY OF MAN.

THE life of man is a mixed state, full of uncertainty and vicissitude, of anxieties and fears. For no man’s prosperity on earth is stable and assured; hence no study, to a thoughtful mind, can appear more important than how to be suitably prepared for the misfortunes of life, so as to contemplate them in prospect without dismay; and, if they must befall, to bear them without dejection.

Throughout every age, power has endeavoured to remove adversity to a distance.—Philosophy has studied when it drew nigh, to conquer it by patience: and wealth has sought out every pleasure that can compensate, or alleviate pain.

But religion has been no less attentive to the same important object. The defence which it provides is altogether of an internal kind.—It is the heart, not the outward state, which it professes to guard, by affording the distressed that security and peace, which arises from a belief of divine protection.—It
 opens

opens to them sources of consolation which are hidden from others. By that strength of mind with which it endows them, it sets them upon a rock, against which, the tempest may violently beat, but cannot shake; for it prepares the mind for encountering with fortitude, the most severe shocks of adversity.

GROSS ABUSES

IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

AMONG the many improvements that have been suggested upon the present system of education, it appears extraordinary, that one abuse, which still subsists in full force, should either have been altogether disregarded, or at least, not animadverted on with the severity which it certainly deserves. I mean here that tyranny which is so shamefully exercised at most of the public schools in this kingdom, and those especially which are of the greatest eminence, by those more advanced in life over the younger part of their fellows. Scarcely a gentleman who has been bred up at any of these seminaries of instruction, but must recollect, with some degree of indignation, the unworthy treatment
he

he endured, in his early years, from his tyrannical superiors.

This reflection will probably suggest another still more painful to a liberal and generous mind, that he himself as he advanced in years and strength, was so far misled by custom and the example of his associates, as to practise the same cruelty and insult which he had been before compelled to undergo. To particularize instances of such treatment, would be unnecessary. No man, educated at a public school, can deny that the younger part of those sent there for education are treated not only in a servile and humiliating, and often in a cruel manner, but are often made panders to the vices of their superiors.

The scandalous impropriety of tolerating such abuses must be obvious to every one; but it may not be amiss to point out more particularly to the public some of the pernicious consequences that may result from thence to the conduct and manners of the rising generation, and the degradation and consequent disgrace that must necessarily be brought upon the national character.

Previous, however, to these considerations, it will be proper to view the subject with a regard to humanity.

Can the epithet of a tender parent be justly applied to any one who exposes his children, at an early
and

and defenceless age, to danger, mortification, and insult; to hazard, not incurred in the performance of any duty, and therefore unnecessary; and to the wanton infliction of pain and vexation, from which no good can be produced? We have of late years been entertained with frequent declamations concerning the cruelty of masters; of the humiliation and depression of mind that is so likely to accrue from the severe discipline of a cruel pedagogue, and much common-place harangue of a similar kind: but I am satisfied these complaints are without foundation, and are generally propagated by those who wish to deceive mankind into an opinion, that learning and science are attainable without labour and strict application; and that this secret is in the possession of some advertising master, who professes to teach in a few months, what is, perhaps, no very difficult task, to make his pupils as wise as himself: or, in other words, to teach ignorance without trouble. I apprehend, that there is more reason to blame the schoolmasters of the present age for too great relaxation of discipline, than for too severe exertion of it. Had that been properly supported, we should scarcely have seen such a mutinous disposition prevailing among the boys at the public schools in this kingdom, as has taken place of late years; which has arisen, not from over exertion of authority,

authority, but from want of it;—not from resentment of ill treatment, but from impatience of reasonable controul;—not from a spirit of liberty, but from a factious licentiousness of disposition, encouraged by the backwardness or timidity of those who superintended their conduct, in repressing their irregularities before they burst forth into outrage.

The continuance of the abuse here complained of is a sufficient proof, were there no other, that the authority of the masters is at too low an ebb, instead of being tyrannically exerted. No man who has the charge of education, but must condemn such a system of domestic and petty, yet often cruel, tyranny. Yet, how few, if any, take measures to overturn, or even to moderate it! they are sensible that the abuse is too deeply rooted to be redressed by such coercion as they have the spirit to employ.

But, in reality, the discipline of a master, however severe we can reasonably suppose it to be, must be much more tolerable to an ingenuous mind, than the tyrannical authority assumed by his equals. The chastisements of master, we may presume, are, in a good degree at least, regulated by discretion, and intended to reform what is really amiss; they can scarcely recur often to an individual, unless it is obviously the fault of him who suffers it; and they do not carry with them the sting of insult, which always

ways accompanies the wanton tyranny of those whom we are sensible have no right to the power they assume.

Let us now take a view of the subject in a rational or political light. It is an observation of the most eminent author now extant, the sacred writers excepted, ‘ That a man is deprived of half his worth ‘ to society by being made a slave.’ If this be true, can we think it a promising circumstance for the nation, that the youth, on whom the conduct of it will, probably, in time devolve, receive their first principle of conduct in a state of tyrannical subordination to their equals? Is it probable, that the impressions made at those years should leave no traces of their effects on the mind? What more improper system of education could be devised for a free people, than one which commences with the slavery of an individual, and ends with his becoming a tyrant? The latter, indeed, is the natural consequence of the former. Those who have suffered in this manner, are impatient to revenge themselves on others in their turn. It is remarked at the court of Turkey, that those eunuchs who have suffered the worst usage in the first stages of their preferment, become the most cruel and severe over their dependents, when they get into power. Were we to educate a Captain Bassa, or an Aga of the Janissaries, such methods might

might be proper, but are totally opposite to a truly British system. It is not indeed improbable, that some qualities might hereby be produced, which impose upon incautious observers for those which are congenial to liberty. It may teach faction an overbearing disposition, and an impatience of legal restraint; but it will not inculcate the necessity of respecting the rights of others equally with their own; it will not instruct them to value themselves principally, if not altogether, on personal merit, and to prefer the interest of the public to their own private emolument. In short, the object of obedience seems in our public schools to be at present misplaced. Instead of its being paid to the instructors and guardians of the conduct of the youth, it is transferred, in a great degree, to those who are least proper of any to be intrusted with it. The masters complain of want of authority; let them recover their lost influence by the noblest means possible, that of freeing from undue restraint those whom it is their duty to protect. Obedience, at present unnaturally diverted, will then return into its proper channel, and collecting there, will produce the best effects on the conduct and behaviour of our youth. It is probable, that, in every insurrection at a public school, not one twentieth part of those apparently concerned engage in it voluntarily. They are compelled by
the

the menaces or ill-usage of their superiors to mutiny and complaint, of what, perhaps, not one sixth part understands even the pretended cause. Were this tyranny abolished, rebellions at such places would be no more; or if they should break out, we might conclude that they were occasioned by some real misconduct of the masters. Much danger to the younger part would be avoided, and much unnecessary uneasiness. Principles of equality, liberty, and justice, would naturally diffuse themselves; order and regularity would be respected when they were alone entitled to command respect. The attention would then fix on its proper point, and probably continue through life to produce such effects as might be hoped; namely, of obedience to the laws, and a zealous attachment to the free constitution of their country.

ANECDOTE
OF
ANN BOLEYN.

WHEN Dr. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, was beheaded, the executioner carried the head away in a bag, with an intent to have it set on London Bridge that night, according to the orders he had

had received. The Lady Ann Boleyn, who was the chief cause of this pious man's death, expressed a desire to see the head before it was set up ; accordingly it was brought to her, and, after viewing it some time, contemptuously said the following words: " Is this the head that so often exclaimed against me? I trust it shall never do any more harm."

UNIVERSALITY OF CRITICISM:

BY S. WHITCHURCH,

IRONMONGER, OF BATH.

HARD is his fate, in these censorious days,
 Who rhymes for pleasure, or who writes for
 Who rakes the embers of poetic fire, [praise;
 And sings, as love or friendship may inspire;
 Let but his weeping muse the grave attend,
 And pay her tribute to a lifeless friend;
 Let him but dare, in undissembl'd woe,
 To tell in print how pure his sorrows flow;
 Let him to public view expose his lyre,
 Though fraught his numbers with poetic fire;
 Lo! *would-be* Criticks rise—a snarling band,

To

To damn the work, they cannot understand;
 Their thick, their sapient, skulls together lay,
 Whilst ign'rance dictates what they have to say;
 They throw the blot of censure on his work,
 And treat the author as they would a Turk.

Leaving his tea, his sugar, and his plumbs,
 Licking his fingers, sucking both his thumbs,
 The learned grocer, with sagacious look,
 Makes shrewd remarks upon the hapless book.
 Mechanic preachers next in rank appear,
 At the poor poet, and his verse, to jeer;
 To sever wood, or wield the spade design'd,
 They think by rule, to sense and reason blind;
 As ever us'd, so still they work, or preach,
 And proudly arrogate the right *to teach*;
 Still the same hackney'd subject they pursue,
 And ne'er produce a single thought that's new.
 Yet when a genius, bold and unconfin'd,
 Dares to unlock the storehouse of his mind,
 Dares to depart from systematic rules,
 Dulness alarms these systematic fools;
 Then fir'd with cruel rage they soon condemn
 What can't be known, or understood, by them.—
 Thus fiddlers, tinkers, now-a-days will sit,
 And judgment pass on works of real wit;
 Knights of the razor, heroes of the goose,
 Painters, and cobblers, ready in abuse,

Bakers,

Bakers, and smiths, and all the vulgar crew,
 Which ign'rance owns, and wisdom never knew,
 Conspire to run the work of genius down,
 And with disgrace its author strive to crown.
 But peace, my muse, for tho' thy treatment rough,
 When thou canst please thyself—think that enough.

BATH, 1790.

Copy of a letter from Sir RICHARD STEELE, to Mrs. SCURLOCK, mother of the Lady whom he afterwards married, which will be very acceptable to such readers as are capable of properly estimating superior talents, and unbounded philanthropy. This letter exhibits a minute statement of his affairs, at a certain period, and displays such a disposition for domestic happiness, as, if universally cultivated, would be found an infallible specific for half the evils that embitter life.

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

Lord Sunderland's Office, Whitehall, Sept. 3, 1707.

MADAM,

THE young Lady, your daughter, told me she had a letter from you of the 22d instant; wherein you gave her the highest marks of your affection and anxiety for her welfare, in relation to

me. The main prospect on these occasions, is that of fortune; and therefore, I shall very candidly give you an account of myself, as to that particular. My late wife had so extreme a value for me, that she, by fine, conveyed to me her whole estate, situate in Barbadoes, which with the stock and slaves (proper securities being given for the payment of the rent) is let for 850*l.* per annum, at half-yearly payments; that is to say, 425*l.* each first of May, and 425*l.* each first of December. This estate came to her incumbered with a debt of 3000*l.* by legacies and debts of her brother, whose executrix she was, as heiress. I must confess, it has not been in my power to lessen the incumbrance, by reason of chargeable sicknesses, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at present, and ever since May last, I have been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the Gazette, with a salary of 300*l.* a year, paying a tax of 45*l.* I am also gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness the Prince, with a salary of 100*l.* a year, not subject to taxes.

Thus my whole income is at pre-	£.
sent per annum - - - - -	1250

Deduct the interest of 3000 <i>l.</i> - -	180
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Taxes for my employment - - -	45
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225

Remains after these deductions	1025
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This

This is, Madam, the present state of my affairs; and though this income is so large, I have not taken any regard to lay up any thing further than just what pays the interest above-mentioned. If I may be so happy to obtain your favour, so as we may live together with singleness of mind, I shall readily go into such measures as shall be thought most advisable for our mutual interest; and if it is thought fit, will sell what I have in the Plantations. Your daughter acquaints me, there is a demand of 1400l. upon your estate, the annual income of which, is better than 400l. per annum. You have now the whole view of both our circumstances before you; and you see there is a foundation for our living in a handsome manner, provided we can be of one mind; without which I could not propose to myself any happiness or blessing, were my circumstances ever so plentiful. I am at a pleasing juncture in my affairs, and my friends in great power, so that it would be highly necessary for us to be in the figure of life we shall think convenient to appear in, as soon as may be, that I may prosecute my expectations in a busy way while the wind is for me, with just consideration, that about a court it will not always blow one way. Your coming to town is mightily to be wished. I promise myself the pleasure of a virtuous and industrious wife, in studying

to do things agreeable to you. But I will not enlarge into professions. I assure you, I shall always contend with you, who shall lay the greater obligations on the other; and I can form to myself no greater satisfaction than having one day your permission to subscribe myself, Madam,

Your most obedient son,
and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

ODE TO WINTER.

COME, social Winter, with your hoary train,
Come with the torch that lights to science cell,
Peace be thy guide, in whose sequester'd fane
The sage delights, the muses love to dwell.
For thee I quit the flowery paths of ease,
No more I stray thro' pleasure's airy walks,
The autumn frowns, the leaves desert their trees,
The songsters mope, the flowers leave their stalks.
Welcome, fond nurse of contemplative hours,
No more the sons of folly can delight ;

The

The trump of wisdom calls me to her bow'rs,
 Where, at her sacred shrine, my vows I'll plight.
 Hail! stately virtue, who attends thy throne
 In all the majesty of heavenly birth,
 A ray of glory brightens from her zone,
 And beams immortal on her sons on earth.
 Hasten on thy pinions of celestial down,
 With fostering care beguile each irksome hour;
 May flattering Somnus, when I lay me down,
 Caress my fancy with his magic pow'r.
 In the deep gulph of knowledge let me dive,
 And search for truth within her golden mine,
 And from the fount of nature pure derive
 Th' inspiring genius, and the bliss divine.

ANECDOTE OF ROSS,

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

IN the year 1752, during the Christmas holidays,
 I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs.
 Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby,
 physician to St. Bartholomew's hospital, told me he
 was

was sent for by a young gentleman, in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse, that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sighed at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind. The Doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient, he was sure that there was something that oppressed his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unless he would open his mind freely.

After much solicitations on the part of the Doctor, the youth confessed there was something that lay heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The Doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world, but to those who might be necessary to relieve him. After much conversation, he told the Doctor, he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress of a Captain of an Indiaman then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two
hundred

hundred pounds; that, going two or three nights before to Drury-lane, to see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly struck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The Doctor asked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master upon his being taken so very ill. The Doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of *him*.

The father soon arrived. The Doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his ease and satisfaction; that his father was gone to his banker's for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention, or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the
 Doctor

Doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father came with notes to the amount of 200*l.* which he put into his son's hands—they wept, kissed, and embraced—the son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Dr. Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury-lane theatre; and after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, “ You have done
 “ some good in your profession; more, perhaps,
 “ than many a clergyman who preached last Sun-
 “ day;” for the patient told the Doctor, the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, he would dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words:
 “ A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly
 “ obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr.
 “ Ross's performance of *Barnwell* !”

ON GOD.

EVERY serious person must trace the marks of an invisible hand, in all the variegated paths of life. He must acknowledge, that it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps; yea, he will rejoice to find they are ordered by the LORD, who delighteth in his way: and were we more observant of the hand of providence, many of our enquiries would be needless: we should see the path marked out before us; and if at any time, thro' mistake, we should turn either to the right hand, or to the left, we should hear a still small voice whispering behind,

“ This is the way, walk in it.”

Amaz'd, the wonders of thy God behold!
 And meditate his mercies manifold.
 Oh! happy time, when, shaking off this clay,
 The human soul at liberty shall stray
 Thro' all the works of nature! shall descry
 Those objects which evade the mortal eye.
 No distance, then, shall stretch beyond its flight,
 No smallness 'scape its penetrating sight;
 But, in their real essence, shall be shewn
 Worlds unexplor'd, creations yet unknown.

ON

ON

MEMORY AND REFLECTION.

MEMORY and Reflection are so intimately connected, that it has ever appeared to me an impossible thing, how a man can persist in a course of error and vice, who has not in a very considerable degree, weakened the powers of memory: and that they may be weakened by many indulgences, independently of the natural decay of the human faculties, is consistent with the experience of all mankind. Slight instances of this every man is acquainted with, who has been accustomed to review his conduct; but the most melancholy ones are in the case of those who are suddenly arrested in the career of wickedness by some temporal calamity, which confines them to solitude, and who very soon discover, with repentant surprise, that their present unhappy situation is occasioned by their having forgotten the duties prescribed in early life, sanctioned by universal experience, and bounded by all the adversities to which human beings are exposed.

And why is it that men forget that which it would be so much their advantage to remember?

Why

Why is it they forego the pleasures of the rational, for the more low and groveling indulgences of the animal being? Because, involved in more of the cares of life than contentment would require, and partaking of more of its pleasures than the mind has any necessity for, they have no leisure to abstract themselves from such employments, to turn inwards, and to scrutinize the nature of those things which seem to give most delight. It is wise, therefore, to appropriate certain times for this retrospective duty. It is wise now and then to withdraw to the indulgence of cool deliberation, and enquire how far that which has engaged the passions, and gratified the curiosity, be consistent with those laws which fashion cannot alter, and which the example of a multitude, however fascinating, cannot abrogate.

Of such opportunities for reflection, some are accidental, and some voluntary. The former are, though perhaps more irresistible, yet more precarious than the latter. Among many such, may be mentioned the death of friends, who have been endeared to us by a long interchange of mutual kindness; the sudden and unexpected bankruptcy, whether in fortune, or in character, of those for whom we have entertained a favourable opinion; or, the adversities that may have happened to ourselves, whether we have or have not exerted our best abilities to avert them.

them. To these may be added any great calamity fallen upon persons with whom we have no particular intimacy, which we must feel as good Christians; or any national disasters, in which, though we may not ourselves be directly involved, yet we have a natural relation as good citizens. These, I observe, may be termed accidental, and they may be precarious: it may be long before we meet with them, or we may meet with them seldom. But voluntary opportunities for reflection cannot be wanting to any man, who has not lost the power of thinking. That they ought to be frequent, may be urged from the great power the affairs of life have to draw us from ourselves; and that they ought to be seriously embraced, will equally appear from the obligations of virtue and religion, which are binding on every man, and immutable through all revolutions.

The conclusion of a year presents itself as one of those occasions, on which it is almost impossible to resist some intrusions of a thoughtful mind. It is by years we estimate the length of human life; the account is not long in any of us, and when we arrive at a number which is not very great, experience tells us that it is hardly possible we shall live to double it. But we may yet hope there is yet time to amend what has been amiss, and to render the evening of
life

life correspondent to the bright morning when our day commenced.

In reflecting upon the concluding year it will not escape any one, that it has been chequered with numerous vicissitudes, that have befallen those who had a part in our esteem, or our affection. Nor is it less obvious, that such occurrences are a striking confirmation of the shortness and uncertainty of time, and of how little avail it is to labour and toil to excess for that upon which we can place no rational dependence. More absurd yet will it appear, to have sacrificed our principles to the attainment of objects that yield so precarious a satisfaction. Better far is it to consider that, as time is short, it ought to be husbanded so as that we may have some consolation in reflecting upon the manner in which it has been spent; and as it is uncertain, in providing that we may not be unprepared or appalled, should we be called to leave life in the midst of our most engaging schemes.

‘Divines,’ says a learned author, ‘have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance;’ a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time. We subject
 ‘our-

‘ ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which
 ‘ early diligence would have obviated, or perplex
 ‘ our minds by vain precautions, and make provi-
 ‘ sion for the execution of designs of which the op-
 ‘ portunity once missed never will return. As he
 ‘ that lives longest, lives but a little while, every
 ‘ man may be certain that he has no time to waste.
 ‘ The duties of life are commensurate to its duration,
 ‘ and every day brings its task, which, if neglected,
 ‘ is doubled on the morrow. But he that has al-
 ‘ ready trifled away those months and years in which
 ‘ he should have laboured, must remember that he
 ‘ has now only a part of that, of which the whole
 ‘ is little.’

COPY OF A LETTER

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF

A CLERGYMAN,

LATELY DECEASED.

AT a village not far from B——, in Yorkshire,
 lived the good old Honoria, with her two
 daughters, Clarinda and Myrtilla. Clarinda, whom
 nature first brought *into this breathing world*, was
 but

but second to her sister in what is generally called beauty, but she might have been called a fine woman; and if her good sense, virtue, and discretion, had been thrown into the scale against her sister's personal charms, the more considerate part of mankind would not have found themselves at a loss to know to which side the balance inclined. Myrtila was greatly indebted to nature, for a genteel shape, an easy air, an elegant set of features, and a brilliant complexion. She had also a lively disposition, and (setting aside all her consciousness of her own perfections) a tolerable share of good-nature.

Honoria, whom fortune had, in some measure, made independent of the world, lived in a genteel, though not in a splendid stile. She walked to church when it was dry, and had a coach to carry her in when it rained: she spared no expence which was thought necessary for the education of her daughters, and she divided her favours to them with so much impartiality, that it would be unjust to say she loved one of them better than the other.

Clarinda, two years older than her sister, had arrived to the age of one and twenty, when Valerius, a neighbouring gentleman, was in search of a wife, to share a very considerable estate, and imagined that he could no where stand a fairer chance than at ——. He accordingly made his addresses in form to the
eldest

eldest sister, and as he was greatly superior to her in point of fortune, proceeded in his courtship with as much haste as decency would allow, with as much expedition as he could desire.

About the same time, the young, the rich, the gay Bellario, made similar overtures to Myrtilla, but in a manner so different, with so becoming a grace, and in so powerful a manner, from the natural vivacity of his temper, and the brightness of his talents, that while he only strove to gain Myrtilla's affection, he stole away her sister's heart.

Valerius, who was in love even to distraction, soon perceived that his company, instead of being agreeable, was irksome; yet he had not the slightest idea of the rival who had supplanted him. Bellario was so much employed with his Myrtilla, that he could seldom cast a look at Clarinda; when he did look at her, he only made unfavourable comparisons.

Myrtilla, it may be easily supposed, could not see a lover every way so enchanting as Bellario was, at her feet, without being very sensibly affected by his assiduities. She loved him, she almost adored. She blushed whenever he entered the room; she trembled whenever he approached her; and if he pressed her hand to his lips, her whole frame was instantaneously disordered. When she saw him prostrate at her feet, she had scarce strength enough to support her-
self

self from falling: it was with the greatest difficulty she could say, with a faltering voice, in such a tender situation, “ Pray, Sir, rise.”

At last the wedding-day was fixed, and he had free access to his mistress whenever he pleased, whether he was expected or not, at any hour in the day.

Valerius, in the mean time, experienced, daily, that his visits were more and more disagreeable, and as he loved Clarinda with an uncommon degree of affection, he was almost distracted by the mortifying reception which he met with. Clarinda, on *her* side, could not endure the very thoughts of him; she was ready to run mad whenever her mother mentioned his name, and continually intreated her, if she had not a mind to be the cause of her death, never to admit Valerius into the house.

Honorina wanted not to be acquainted with the secret springs of Clarinda's behaviour, for she had often observed her uneasiness when Bellario entertained her sister; but as she regarded the happiness of her child, unbiassed by any interested views, and was willing to hope that when Bellario and her sister were married, her aversion to Valerius would gradually decrease, she promised not only to exclude him, but never to mention the name of a man against whom her antipathy was so strong. In compliance with this promise, she soon found an

excuse for desiring Valerius to refrain from visiting her daughter, pretending that she was very much indisposed, or that some family affairs had rendered it necessary to give an interruption to his visits.

One day, while Clarinda and her mother were taking the air in the coach, Bellario came, according to custom, to pay his respects to his *inamorata*, and to talk of their approaching happiness. He found her at her toilet, endeavouring to set off those charms which added a lustre, he said, to the brightest jewel. As often as she adjusted her curls, he put them into disorder, in a playful humour, and rejoiced at every little frown which he raised in her face, that he might have the satisfaction of telling her, in the same playful way, how ill she acted her part. One scene of dalliance produced another: a thousand times he offended: a thousand times he asked pardon: a thousand times he was forgiven. He thought he could love her for ever: he swore he could: and she, measuring the excess of *his* love by her own, fondly believed him, and as they were to be married in a few days, they began to consider themselves as man and wife: by this deceitful mode of reasoning they were both of them ruined.

After having solemnly assured Myrtila of his inviolable attachment to her, Bellario took his leave; but she did not see him again in nine days from that

on

on which she had left him nothing to ask, nothing for herself to give. On the tenth he appeared, and enquired for Clarinda.—She was at breakfast with her mother and sister, but rose directly, and went out to him. In about five minutes she returned, with her hand locked fast in Bellario's. “Yesterday, “Madam,” said he to Honoria, “made Clarinda “and me one: pardon me for doing that without “your consent, which I could not have done with “it. On my knees let me beg your blessings for “the inestimable Clarinda, *your* daughter, and *my* “wife.”

It is not easy to describe the surprise of the good mother; it is impossible to describe the shock which the poor deluded Myrtilia received. She fainted, and was carried to her bed, from which she never rose again. In five days after this severe blow, she expired in the most dreadful agonies, exclaiming, in her last moments, against the false, the perjured Bellario.

Valerius, as soon as the marriage between Clarinda and Bellario was published, sent the latter a challenge, and it was accepted. They met, and Valerius received a wound in his left breast, of which he died upon the spot. The conqueror, obliged to save himself by flight, left his wife without giving her the smallest hopes of seeing him any more. As

for Honoria, she is so extremely emaciated by the severity of her grief, that she will, probably be, in a short time, released from all her sublunary afflictions: she wishes, indeed, with the most affecting earnestness, to follow her dear, deluded, murdered child.

ON THE
CALAMITIES OF LIFE.

LOOK on disappointments, toils, and strife,
And all the consequential ills of life,
Not as severities, or causeless woes,
But easy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by short probation to obtain
Immortal recompence for transient pain.
Th' intent of Heav'n, thus rightly understood,
From every evil we extract a good;
This truth divine, implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal thro' his part;
Gives a delightful prospect to the blind;
The friendless thence a constant succour find;
The wretch, by fraud betray'd, by pow'r oppress'd,
With this restorative, still soothes his breast.
This, suffering virtue cheers; this, pain beguiles;
And decks calamity herself in smiles.

JULIUS AND MARIA.

IN the town of Calcutta, in the kingdom of Bengal, before that country was annexed to the British empire, lived *Monf. de St. Pierre*, a French merchant of great merit: he began the world with a small estate, and although industrious, and frugal, had never been able, through repeated losses and disappointments, much to improve it. This gentleman, at an early period of his life, married the daughter of an eminent merchant at *Marseilles*, a young lady equally admired for her mental accomplishments, and her personal charms. The caprice of parents, or the love of wealth, were none of the motives for this marriage; it was their own free choice, and of course they lived in a state of uninterrupted connubial happiness. In less than a twelve-month they had a daughter, the fruit of their mutual love; and they now began to consider themselves as the happiest couple in the universe, when, alas! how changeable are all human pleasures, the wife was seized with a fever, in which she continued for some time in great agony, and then expired, leaving her hopeless husband to awake at his leisure from that dream of uninterrupted happiness they had promised themselves. *Monsieur de St. Pierre* continued in-

consolable

consolable for some time ; but at last, conscious that his grief could be of no service to the dead, he resolved to banish melancholy from his house, and to bestow that care and attention on his daughter, which death had put out of his power to shew to his wife. For this purpose, as soon as she came of an age fit for receiving instruction, he considered with himself what education would be most proper, both for her own happiness, and to render her agreeable to those around her. In the course of his observations, he had frequently remarked, that children, either through the carelessness of teachers, their own inattention and want of thought, or from some other cause, often returned from boarding-schools very little improved, either in their morals or in their studies, (besides, in Calcutta, a boarding-school was entirely out of the question) he therefore determined to educate her under his own eye, and for that end used all his interest, which was very considerable, to procure proper teachers for her, sparing neither pains nor expence, provided they were to his mind. In this agreeable manner did he, for several years, pass his time away, “teaching the young idea how to “shoot;” and he had the satisfaction to find, that his daughter made a progress equal to his most sanguine expectations: add to this, that she possessed all the good qualities of her father, and the accomplishments

plishments of her mother. At this time there arrived at Calcutta a young gentleman from England, the son of a rich merchant there, who was about to establish himself in a lucrative business in that city, through the interest of some powerful relations he had in India.

Julius (the young gentleman) brought several letters of introduction from his friends in England, and, amongst others, one for Mons. de St. Pierre; and that gentleman shewed him all the attention and civilities in his power. Knowing the characteristic of the British to be that of a generous people, de St. Pierre had long entertained a particular esteem for that nation: his house was at all times open to Julius, and he had not been many months there, when he contracted an affection for his friend's daughter, which, from an admiration of her virtues, was soon converted into a violent passion for her person. Every day added fresh fuel to his love, and every day the more was he convinced of her merit. A thousand little attentions and civilities, for which the French ladies are remarkable, tended to keep alive his passion; and her father, who had long observed their growing loves, though, for many reasons, he took care to conceal his knowledge of it, was by no means an enemy to the amour. Much about the same time, Maria (that

was

was the lady's name) received the addresses of Berenthus, another Englishman, fully a match to Julius in point of fortune, but far his inferior in point of merit; proud, ambitious, and fullen; he knew no pleasure but that of indulging his passions, or gratifying his ambition.

To one, therefore, of such solid judgment as Maria, their different merits were very evident, and she soon declared herself decidedly in favour of Julius; and Julius, who had long pressed Maria to this declaration, was no sooner informed of her choice, than he immediately wrote to his relations in the other parts of India, requesting their consent; and they knowing the good character Monsieur de St. Pierre had always borne in Calcutta, and hearing of the merits of Maria, soon returned him an answer favourable to his wishes. The moment he received this agreeable intelligence, he ran to the lovely Maria to inform her of his success. Maria received the news with equal pleasure, and the only thing they now wanted to complete their happiness, was, to gain the consent of Mons. de St. Pierre. Maria had never given her father the most distant hint on the subject, and her fear of his displeasure at a courtship carried on without his consent, had long deterred her from mentioning it: however, as she was amusing him one morning, according to custom, with

with a few airs on the harpsichord, and finding him in a more than ordinary good humour, she ventured to enter on the subject, enumerating all the good qualifications of her lover, and knowing at that time her father's embarrassed situation, and the weight most old men lay on wealth, in love affairs, did not fail to mention the large fortune her lover was possessed of, and finally concluded, by saying, "that as Julius had gained the consent of his relations, she hoped her father would throw no obstacles in the way." The good old man listened with much attention to his daughter, and, seizing her in his arms, exclaimed, 'My dear child, I have heard with rapture the observations you have just made; and although I have used great art in concealing my knowledge of your mutual passion, believe me, I was by no means a stranger to it. His fortune, on which you seem to lay such a stress, pleases me no further than as it will be the means of promoting your happiness and independence; and as his friends are agreeable to the match, you have my full consent and approbation. I have always esteemed his manners, and admired his virtues, and shall think myself much honoured by the connexion.' It is unnecessary to add, that this declaration was highly pleasing to Maria, and that she immediately communicated the same to Julius.

Every

Every thing was now settled according to their most sanguine wishes, and the day appointed to consummate their nuptials, when an affair happened which retarded them for some considerable time, and had nearly proved fatal to both parties. A few weeks previous to the period of which we are now speaking, some very serious disturbances had arisen between the natives of Bengal and the garrison of Calcutta; and several of the most respectable inhabitants, amongst whom was Julius, (who had got much into the good graces of the governor) were sent as a deputation to the natives, to endeavour, if possible, to settle matters in an amicable manner. Such an honour done to so young a person as Julius, we may be sure, flattered his vanity not a little, and the only objection he could make, was, that it would procrastinate his nuptials with Maria longer than they had intended; however, with Maria's consent, and at the repeated solicitations of the governor, he set out, expecting to return at farthest in five or six weeks. Berinthius, once more, in the absence of his rival, redoubled his assiduities; but Maria continued deaf to all his proposals, and he had resolved to abandon his pursuit for ever, when an accident happened which refreshed his hopes, and induced him to redouble his protestations. In the beginning of this history I informed the reader, that Monsieur

de St. Pierre, though esteemed and respected, as he had never descended to those arts which disgrace too many Europeans in the Eastern world, had never been able to realize a fortune. He had, for some time past, suffered many considerable losses; and having at this time received accounts of the failure of a British merchant, a gentleman in whom he had always reposed an implicit confidence, and who, at that time, owed him very considerable sums; he was unable any longer to conceal his situation from the world. To add to his misfortune, he had some time before borrowed several large sums of Berinthius, who, hearing of these domestic misfortunes, again renewed his addresses, in hopes that the fear of poverty might induce them to consent to a match which they detested; but, finding them resolute in their refusal, and sensible that de St. Pierre was then unable to satisfy his demands, he required immediate payment of the different sums he had advanced him, and added, that imprisonment would certainly be the consequence of non-compliance. Monsieur de St. Pierre said every thing he could to convince him of the impropriety of such a demand, and of his inability to comply with it; but all to no purpose; and Berinthius left him in a rage, determined next morning to put his threats in execution. It is easier to imagine than describe the situation of poor Maria

Maria at this moment, but her father seemed to give himself very little uneasiness on the occasion, endeavouring, as much as possible, to conceal his own feelings to alleviate his daughter.

Next morning arrived, and Mons. de St. Pierre arose at his usual hour, expecting every foot he heard to be the fatal messenger. He walked through the room for some time very much agitated; and, at last, calling a servant, desired Maria might speak with him. The servant soon returned with an answer, that his daughter was not to be found, and that she had not been seen that morning.

The old man, at this intelligence, concluding that some misfortune must have befallen her, rushed into the streets, frantic with despair, questioning every one he met respecting his daughter, but no daughter could be heard of. At last, passing accidentally the house where Berinthius lived, he overheard a female voice calling for assistance; and satisfied that it must be his daughter, he immediately, drawing his sword, rushed into the house, and flying to the room from whence the noise proceeded, was met by four natives, servants to Berinthius, who opposed his entrance; but de St. Pierre, become desperate, rushed upon them, and at last forced his way; but not before he had mortally wounded two of them, and disarmed the others. The lady was in
fact

fact Maria, and Berinthius, the moment he observed de St. Pierre, quitted her to defend himself. Mons. de St. Pierre attacked his adversary with all the fury injured honour could inspire;—but Berinthius, who was young, healthy, and vigorous, would have soon got the better of de St. Pierre, had not Maria, while as yet the fatal sword was suspended to plunge into her father, rushed between them, and for a moment kept his fate suspended; and de St. Pierre, who now in his turn trembled for his daughter, by the most fortunate thrust in the world, not only saved Maria's life, but rendered his opponent unable to make any further resistance.

The room was now filled with people from all quarters, drawn thither by the clashing of swords, and the shrieks of Maria, who seeing the danger to which her father was exposed, ran through the house calling for assistance, and tearing her hair in all the agony of despair.

The wounds which Berinthius had received, in this *rencontre*, were much more serious than was at first apprehended; and, as fears were entertained for his recovery, de St. Pierre, by command of the governor, was taken into custody, to answer for his safety. Maria was now more inconsolable than ever, on seeing her father unjustly dragged to prison, and that too on her account: however, she determined

mined, whatever punishment he might be doomed to suffer, they should suffer together, and she accordingly accompanied him to prison. Here Maria had leisure to explain to her father the circumstances of her appearance at the house of Berinthius. Morning no sooner appeared, than this virtuous young lady had set out, in order, if possible, to prevail on Berinthius to retract the sentence he had passed the preceding evening against her father; and, as they had used every other means in vain, to try if he would yield to the intreaties of one he affected to admire; but the heart of Berinthius was proof against compassion, and having never been able to gain her consent to marriage, had seized the golden opportunity to force her to his purposes, when her father so providentially arrived to her assistance. They passed the whole night in prison, without bestowing a single thought on sleep, but ruminating on the occurrences of the day; and morning at last arrived, when the keeper came with the joyful intelligence, that Berinthius, in consequence of his wounds, had expired late the preceding night, but not before he had exculpated de St. Pierre in the most unequivocal manner; and that, to shew his sincerity the more, he had, previous to his death, caused the bonds he held of Mons. de St. Pierre to be cancelled in his presence. The consequence of course was, that the gentleman

gentleman was immediately liberated amidst the plaudits of the whole city. Affairs were scarcely settled in this manner, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, when the disagreeable intelligence arrived, that the natives, in consequence of some recent insults they had received, added to the news of the murder of two of their number in the affair of Berinthius, had broken off all negociation with the gentlemen deputed from Calcutta, and that their prince, taking part in the affray, had commanded that all Europeans, residing in his dominions, should be immediately thrown into prison: he likewise gave notice, that next day he should bring to trial such of them as were within his capital; amongst which number Julius had the misfortune to find himself and colleagues included.

The wretched Europeans, now giving up every thing for lost, waited their sentence with great composure; well convinced, that in that country their trial and condemnation were synonymous terms.—The fatal morning at last arrived, and the prince, seated on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers, commanded the prisoners to be brought forth.—As they were just about to proceed on the trials, they observed, amidst the immense multitude that surrounded them, an uncommon noise and tumult; and the prince, ordering immediate enquiry to be made
into

into the cause of it, was informed that an European, who had escaped the search of the citizens, now stung with remorse for his crimes, demanded to be brought before their prince, and to share the same fate with his countrymen.—The stranger, who by this time had reached where the prince was seated, falling prostrate before him, thus exclaimed: “Mighty and illustrious prince, deign to listen to the intreaties of a wretch, who has rendered himself unworthy to live, by taking away the life of his fellow-creatures. I am the guilty wretch who last night was the cause of putting to death two of your subjects; on me then inflict the most severe punishment, but spare those innocent men.” The Emperor, astonished at the uncommon speech he had just heard, and revolving in his mind that nothing but conscious guilt could prompt one to such a confession, gave orders that the stranger, who by his own confession acknowledged himself unworthy to live, should be led to immediate execution; and that, in the mean time, the other prisoners should be remanded back to prison. The Europeans, who were no less astonished at this transaction than the natives themselves, no sooner heard this sentence than their astonishment was changed into pity and compassion for one who had, with such heroism, endeavoured to save their lives, and demanded

manded as a small consolation, that they might be at least allowed to see their deserving countryman.

Julius, who was amongst the foremost in this demand, marching boldly forward, judge what was his astonishment, his surprise, at seeing the face of this supposed stranger, when he immediately recognized his lovely Maria! Forcing his way, therefore, through all opposition, he seized her in his arms, in all the transports of love and admiration, and addressing himself to the prince, intreated that on him alone he might inflict the punishment of the law, but that the prisoner was entirely innocent. Finding, however, all remonstrances were in vain, he told him that the prisoner, now under sentence, was a woman, and of course unable to commit the crime alledged against her. The truth is, Maria, as soon as she found her father was at liberty, and getting acquainted with the dangers her lover was exposed to, immediately disguised herself, and entering the city while they were proceeding to the trial of the Europeans, was determined to use every effort to save him.

The prince, now more astonished than ever at such a strange discovery, interrogated Maria on the inducements she could have to undertake such an adventure. Maria was not ashamed to relate the whole of the matter ; and the prince was so pleased with the candid and simple manner in which she told

it, that he immediately set them all at liberty; presented Maria with a purse of ten thousand rupees; concluded a peace much to the advantage of the English interest; and Julius, and his virtuous Maria, having spent some days with the prince, returned to Calcutta, where they were received with the greatest joy, and were soon after married. They lived happy together, and comfortable for a number of years, blessed with a numerous family, admired by the good, and envied by all—a pattern of virtue and constancy.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

TO say that his Lordship was one of the most celebrated wits of his time, as well as the polite gentleman, the philosopher, and the statesman, would be superfluous. The following anecdote having been imperfectly told, it cannot be displeasing to see it in its true light.

Lord Chesterfield, being in company with Pope, Bolingbroke, Swift, and all the great geniuses of
that

that time, it was agreed to sport their genius in extempore *bons mots* upon glasses. It came to Pope's turn, when he begged the favour of Lord Chesterfield's ring, and wrote as follows:

“Accept a miracle, instead of wit,

“Two bad lines, by Stanhope's pencil writ.”

Mr. Pope politely offered to return the ring, (worth near five hundred pounds) when Lord Chesterfield said, “No, Mr. Pope, pray wear it—for it fits your hand infinitely better than mine.”

ANECDOTE OF A MISER.

A Miser, having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alledged that there was a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and, when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken nor the bag ript, the judge said to

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the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had an
 "hundred and ten pounds in it, you say;" "Yes,
 'my Lord,' says he: "Then," replied the judge,
 "according to the evidence given in court, this can-
 "not be your money; for here are only an hundred
 "pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till
 "the true owner appears."

THOUGHTS

ON THE

TWO OPPOSITE PATHS PURSUED BY MAN

THROUGH THIS LIFE.

THERE are but two general roads to go through
 this world; the *agreeable* and the *useful*. The
 first is taken by those who are in search only of plea-
 sure, and devote themselves to the imaginary delights
 of delusive happiness; the second is pursued by those
 sages, whose sole ambition is solid advantage, even
 in the social commerce of mankind.

The path of pleasure wears an agreeable aspect,
 adorned on each side with fruit trees of exquisite
 beauty that delight the eye; but when a traveller is
 desirous

desirous of tasting them, they appear, like the apples of Sodom, to contain nothing but ashes. As we advance a little, fountains are to be met with, from whence flow the most exquisite wines: on every side are large fields covered with a variety of the finest flowers; and their fragrance exceeds even their charming appearance; this enchanting prospect is bounded by little eminences, on which are erected magnificent palaces, with fine gardens, laid out in the most elegant taste; orange and citron trees form the groves and bowers which invite to love. In these palaces mirth and festivity reign. In some apartments, tables are laid out with Epicurean repasts, and side-boards with delicious wines: in others are the most lovely females, who sue you to their embraces. Here is a concert of harmonious music, there is a ball in masquerade, and play of every kind; in another saloon dramatic performers repeat the lively sallies of the most brilliant wits. In fine, whatever passion can desire, or fancy can suggest, to please and gratify, is here called forth to amuse and delight the traveller.

In this pursuit of gaiety and dissipation, three-fourths of his life has already elapsed, when, on a sudden, he finds a weariness seize him from the extent of the road, which induces him to traverse a horrid desert, at the extremity whereof is a thatched
cabin.

cabin. He perceives at the door an old man of shocking aspect, wan and meagre, his eyes sunk in his head, with grey locks interspersed with black flowing down his shoulders, whilst his garment bespeaks a variety of wretchedness. The traveller, though terrified at the stranger's shocking appearance, has nevertheless the fortitude to ask him who he is? "I am MISERY," replies the ghastly spectre, "placed here by the decrees of fate, to receive and lodge such travellers as come this way by the road of pleasure." The traveller, astonished at this reply, enquires if there is no other place in the neighbourhood, where he may repose himself? "Yes," rejoins *Misery*, "ten paces from hence resides my neighbour DESPAIR; but I must inform you, that of all the number who have thought proper to visit him, not one has ever returned; and your choice is now confined to fix your abode either with him or me, for such is the certain termination of that career of pleasure which you have so long pursued."

As to the *useful* path, it is of more difficult access; it can only be obtained by scaling steep mountains. In this arduous toil is the traveller's juvenile years passed, ere he can attain the summit of the eminence; being surrounded by the most dangerous precipices. During this period he has no other
constant

constant companions than labour and anxiety, who indeed solace him with the charms and advantages of riches; and sometimes *Hope* attends him for a minute, and persuades him he will soon accomplish his journey. His own wishes and desires give credit to the flattering intelligence; and, being satisfied by the charm of these seducing promises, he gradually reaches the pinnacle of this tremendous mountain. Here he observes a fine plain, and a sumptuous palace of beautiful construction, standing in a happy situation. He gains intelligence of the name of this edifice, and to whom it belongs; and finds it is called *Convenience*, and the host's name is *Repose*. He is greatly pleased with this information, and hastens to reach the agreeable spot, in order to rest and refresh himself after his fatigue and toil. The master of the mansion allots him an apartment agreeable to his request, and *Hope* now whispers to him, "Here are you, at length, settled for the remainder of your days." The traveller is enraptured at this information, and begins to meditate on the means of making himself master of the whole palace. He forms schemes, and bewilders himself with projects to compass this design, as he is far from being contented at occupying only this little chamber; and when he fancies he has just suggested the plan that will secure him success, *Death*, with his ghastly

ghastly mien, appears and beckons him. He at first pays no attention to the summons; and when the grim tyrant approaches nearer, the traveller repulses his attacks, and bitterly complains of the cruelty of fate, which compels him so soon to quit a situation that promised him felicity, after it had cost him so much labour and trouble to attain it: but *death*, ever inexorable, seizes him without pity, and casts him in a ditch six feet in length, where, covered with earth, he serves for food for the worms, and obtains no other recompence for all his toil, but a few words graven on marble, which tells posterity, that such a one *was a prudent, industrious man, and made his way in the world by dint of incessant application and indefatigable vigilance.*

VANITAS VANITATUM, ET OMNIA VANITAS.

ANECDOTE

OF

DEAN SWIFT AND AN OLD WOMAN.

THE Doctor having some knowledge of an old woman, known by the name of Margaret Stiles, and who was very much addicted to intoxication, against which the Doctor repeatedly admonished

nished her, whenever he met with her; but, as he perceived, altogether without effecting any visible reformation, notwithstanding her seeming penitence and promises of amendment. One day, as the Dean was taking his evening walk, he saw Margaret in her usual state of inebriety, sitting by the foot-path on a bundle of sticks which she had tumbled down with; the Dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her "Where she thought of going to," (meaning after death.) 'I'll tell you, Sir,' (replied Margaret) 'if you will help me up with my wood,' which, after he had done, "Well, Margaret," demanded he, "now tell me?" 'Where do I think of going to,' (repeated Margaret, staggering and staring) 'why where there is the best liquor to be sure, Doctor.'

ON

TRAVELLING, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

I Have frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way Eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce

commerce or piety, and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that, of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number? For as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature, or art, which might be transplanted with success. Thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret unknown to the chymist of Europe. In the most savage parts of India they are possessed of the secret of dying vegetable substances scarlet; and likewise that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told the

the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home. Of all the English philosophers I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human controul. Oh! had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! And what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person, who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling, should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed: he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the arts of subsistence; he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of
living

living comfortably; and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time; than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster more to his collection; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or sculpture of cherry-stones.

I *never* consider this subject, without being surprised that none of those societies, so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most Eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers.

It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themselves, as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for an European to preserve his health in the country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there were no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his

his religion, in places where there were neither bread nor wine: such accounts, with the usual appendages of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary: but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magick: and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.

It was an usual observation of Boyle, the English chymist, that if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that if the useful knowledge of every country, how soever barbarous, were gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions, known or practised but in one place? The instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known in only a part of France. If such discoveries therefore remain still to be known at home, what funds
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of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans?

The caution with which foreigners are received into Asia, may be alledged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under the character of Sanjapins, or Northern pilgrims? To such, not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern: it would in some measure repair the breaches made by ambition; and might shew that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an interprise. He should be a man of a philosophick turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swollen with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian: his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure,

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an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

ANECDOTE

OF

Mrs. MADDEN, AFTERWARDS LADY ELY,

RELATED BY MRS. BELLAMY, AS FOLLOWS.

WHILST I resided at the sheds of Clontarf, a ludicrous incident happened, which, though it was like to have been attended with serious consequences to me, still excites such laughable ideas in my mind, whenever it occurs to my recollection, that I cannot forbear relating it.

One day the beautiful widow Madden, afterwards Lady Ely, came down to pay me a visit. As it was a holiday, a circumstance my visitor had not recollected, and she had come early in order to spend the whole day with me, she accompanied me to a barn some few miles off, where the service of our church, for the convenience of the neighbouring peasants, was usually performed.

As

As the place was situated upon the sea-coast, the congregation, which was very numerous, chiefly consisted of fishermen and their families; and unluckily some circumstances happened, which put our gravity to the test, and counteracted the intentional devotion with which we entered the sacred shed.

The weather being uncommonly warm, and the barn much crowded, the effects soon became visible on the countenance of the sacerdotal gentleman that officiated. The subtle fluid produced by perspiration, in plenteous streams bedewed his visage, which obliged him to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief; and as that happened to be deeply tinged with blue, and never to have been used before, his face was soon adorned with various stripes of that colour, and exhibited a spectacle that would have extorted a smile from the most rigid anchorite.

My fair companion, who, by the bye, loved laughing more than praying, and preferred a joke to a homily, by frequent jogs with her elbow, drew my attention to the outré figure that now presented itself. In any other place, so ludicrous a scene would have afforded me the highest entertainment; but as I always make a point, and hope I ever shall, of behaving myself in a place of worship with that reverence and solemnity which is due to it, I was not to be tempted to forget where I was.

After

After the prayers were ended, the Minister gave an exhortation to his auditors; and now, by the quaintness of some of his expressions, rendered that hilarity which his be-plastered countenance had first excited in my companion's mind, ungovernable. In the course of his oration, he took occasion to introduce the fall of our first parents. When addressing himself to the female part of his congregation, who, as I have already said, were fish-women, he exclaimed, with a much stronger tincture of the Hibernian brogue than even some of our present preachers, "Your mother Eve sold her immortal soul, and
 "with it all mankind, for an apple; but such is your
 "depravity, ye wretches, that you would sell your
 "souls for an oyster; nay, even for a cockle."

Though my fair friend had been hitherto able to keep her risible faculties within tolerable bounds, an expression so replete with low humour—so truly ludicrous—was not to be withstood; she burst into a loud and violent fit of laughter, and hurrying out of the rustic chapel, left me to encounter the rage of the offended priest and his enthusiastic auditory.

It was happy for me, that I had even then obtained the reputation of being a devotee, as the clergyman instantly put a stop to his exhortation, and addressed himself particularly to me. He told me that if he were not well assured, from the general

tenor of my behaviour, and the character I bore, that I was incapable of countenancing such a flagrant affront to the Deity, he would cause me to be expelled from the mother church; but as he hoped that that was not the case, he would forgive my bringing with me a person, who, having no devotion herself, had dared to disturb those who had, if I would inform him of her name. In order to appease the offended priest, I gave him my word that I would send to him; and the service concluded without any farther interruption.

As to Mrs. Madden, she prudently mounted her horse, and returned with all speed to my lodgings; she otherwise would have stood a chance of being in the same predicament as poor Orpheus was; the common people of that country being no less revengeful, when their religious rights are supposed to be contemned, than the Thracian dames could be for the indifference shewn to their sex by the son of Apollo.

Agreeable to my promise to the priest, I sent to him soon after; not, indeed, to acquaint him with the name of my imprudent companion, but to endeavour to palliate her offence. Fortunately, Mr. Crump was his penitent, by whose means the affair was at length made up. And this interference was the only part of his conduct, with regard to myself, that I ever was pleased with.

THE

THE SOCIAL ATTACHMENT

OF

ANIMALS.

THERE is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation; independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together. But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe,

still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows, with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, still she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture. Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped, with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following

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ing sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.

WE have remarked in a former letter how much incongruous animals, in a lonely state, may be attached to each other from a spirit of sociality; in this it may not be amiss to recount a different motive, which has been known to create as strange a fondness.

My friend had a little helpless leveret brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon, and about the same time his cat kittened, and the young were dispatched and buried. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be gone the way of most fondlings, to be killed by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little short inward notes of complacency such as they use towards their kittens, and something gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection.

Thus

Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a carnivorous and predacious one!

Why so cruel and sanguinary a beast as a cat, of a ferocious genus of *felēs*, the *murium leo*, as Linnæus calls it, should be affected with any tenderness towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not so easy to determine.

This strange affection probably was occasioned by that desiderium, those tender maternal feelings, which the loss of her kittens had awakened in her breast; and by the complacency and ease she derived to herself from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much distended with milk, till, from habit, she became as much delighted with this foundling as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad solution of that strange circumstance, which grave historians, as well as the poets, assert, of exposed children being sometimes nurtured by female wild beasts that probably had lost their young. For it is not one whit more marvellous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should be nursed by a she-wolf, than that a poor little sucking leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody grimalkin.

ANECDOTE

OF

JAMES I. KING OF ENGLAND.

OF all the qualities which marked the character of James I. King of England, there was none more contemptible than a pedantic disposition, which he had obtained from a narrow, though a laborious education. Some school-learning he had, the fruits of that unwearied application which is often united to mean parts. Of that learning he was ridiculously vain. His vanity was much heightened by the flattery he had met with from the minions of his English court. He was eager for an opportunity of displaying it to the whole nation: the opportunity was offered him by a petition from the Puritans, for a reformation of sundry articles of the established church. James gave them hopes of an impartial debate, though he mortally hated all the reformers, for the restraints they had laid upon him in his Scotch government. In this debate, James was to preside as judge; and an assembly of churchmen and ministers met at Hampton-Court for this purpose. From judge he turned principal disputant, silencing all opposition by his authority and loquacity,

loquacity, and closed his many arguments with these *powerful* ones. “ That Presbytery agreed as well
 “ with monarchy, as God with the devil; that he
 “ would not have Tom and Dick and Will meet to
 “ censure him and his counsel. If this be all your
 “ party hath to say, I will make them conform them-
 “ selves; or else I will *barrie* them out of the land,
 “ or else do worse—only hang them—that’s all!”
 Great was the exultation and adulation of church-
 men and courtiers on this occasion. Chancellor
 Egerton cried out, ‘ He had often heard that roy-
 ‘ alty and priesthood were united, but never saw it
 ‘ verified till now.’ Archbishop Whitgift carried
 his flattery still farther; ‘ He verily believed the
 ‘ king spoke by the spirit of God.’

ANECDOTE
 OF
 BISHOP BERKELEY.

THE very ingenious and amiable Bishop
 Berkeley, of Cloyn, in Ireland, was so en-
 tirely contented with his income in that diocese, that
 when offered by the late Earl of Chesterfield (then
 Lord

Lord Lieutenant) a bishoprick much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words:

“ I love my neighbours, and they love me: why
 “ then should I begin, in my old days, to form new
 “ connexions, and tear myself from those friends
 “ whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I
 “ can enjoy?”—Acting, in this instance, like the
 celebrated Plutarch, who, being asked, “ Why he
 “ resided in his native city, so obscure and so little?”
 answered, ‘ I stay, lest it should grow less.’

RELIGION

THE ONLY FOUNDATION OF CONTENT;

AN EASTERN STORY.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabes, which rises on the coast of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction

straction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city; the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me: and the wretch whom thine eye commiserates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

"It is now six years, since our mighty Lord, the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's viceroy, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of
age

' age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I
 ' who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no
 ' good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing
 ' at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling.
 ' He looked round with a smile of complacency;
 ' perceiving that though it was mean it was neat,
 ' and that though I was poor I appeared to be con-
 ' tent. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I
 ' hastened to receive him with such hospitality as
 ' was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather
 ' increased than restrained by his presence. After
 ' he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many
 ' questions; and though by my answers I always
 ' endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I per-
 ' ceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with
 ' a placid but fixed attention. I suspected he had
 ' some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his
 ' country and his name.' " Hassan," said he, " I
 " have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied;
 " he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sove-
 " reign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of
 ' Medina, and whose commission is from above."
 ' These words struck me dumb with astonishment,
 ' though I had some doubt of their truth: but Al-
 ' malic, throwing back his garment, discovered the
 ' peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet
 ' upon his finger. I then started up, and was about
 ' to

‘ to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented
 ‘ me.’ “ Hassan,” said he, “ forbear; thou art
 “ greater than I, and from thee I have at once de-
 “ rived humility and wisdom.” ‘ I answered, Mock
 ‘ not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee:
 ‘ life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and
 ‘ misery are the daughters of thy will.’ “ Hassan,”
 he replied, “ I can no otherwise give life or happi-
 “ ness than by not taking them away: thou art thy-
 “ self beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed
 “ of felicity which I can neither communicate nor
 “ obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom
 “ with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet
 “ my influence over others extends only to their
 “ vices, whether I would reward or punish.

“ By the bow-string, I can repress violence and
 “ fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can
 “ transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambi-
 “ tion from one object to another: but with respect
 “ to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I
 “ would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and
 “ hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition to exalt
 “ thee, which would destroy the simplicity of thy life,
 “ and diminish that happiness which I have no power
 “ either to increase or to continue.” ‘ He then rose
 ‘ up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret,
 ‘ departed.

‘ As

' As soon as I recovered from the confusion and
 ' astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began
 ' to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his
 ' bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly,
 ' which was the concomitant of poverty and labour.
 ' I now repined at the obscurity of my station,
 ' which my former insensibility had perpetuated:
 ' I neglected my labour, because I despised the re-
 ' ward; I spent the day in idleness, forming roman-
 ' tic projects to recover the advantages which I had
 ' lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that
 ' sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to
 ' rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I
 ' dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue,
 ' of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and
 ' waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished.
 ' My health was at length impaired by the inquietude
 ' of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsist-
 ' ence; and reserved only a mattrafs, upon which I
 ' sometimes lay from one night to another.

' In the first moon of the following year, the
 ' Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same se-
 ' crecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing
 ' once more to see the man, whom he considered as
 ' deriving felicity from himself. But he found me,
 ' not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and
 ' vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected,
 ' sitting

‘ sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which
 ‘ contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagina-
 ‘ tion for the realities of greatness. He entered
 ‘ with a kind of joyful impatience in his counte-
 ‘ nance, which, the moment he beheld me, was
 ‘ changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had
 ‘ often wished for another opportunity to address
 ‘ the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence,
 ‘ and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand
 ‘ upon my head, and was speechless. “ Hassan,”
 ‘ said he, “ what canst thou have lost, whose wealth
 “ was the labour of thy own hand; and what can
 “ have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was
 “ in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee?
 “ Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.”
 ‘ I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied,
 ‘ Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his ser-
 ‘ vant, who, rather than utter a falsehood, would be
 ‘ dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the
 ‘ loss of that which I never possessed; thou hast
 ‘ raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou
 ‘ shouldst satisfy: but why should it be thought
 ‘ that he, who was happy in obscurity and indigence,
 ‘ would not have been rendered more happy by
 ‘ eminence and wealth?’

‘ When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood
 ‘ some moments in suspense, and I continued prof-

‘ trate

'trate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I per-
 'ceive, not with indignation but regret, that I
 'mistook thy character; I now discover avarice
 'and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only
 'because their objects were too remote to rouse
 'them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with autho-
 'rity, because I would not subject my people to
 'oppression; and because I would not be compelled
 'to punish thee, for crimes which I first enabled
 'thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee
 'that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify
 'the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me
 'of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to
 'thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me." 'I
 'sprung from the ground as it were with the wings
 'of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an
 'extacy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out
 'of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped
 'from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the
 'caravanfera in which he lodged; and after he had
 'fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.
 'He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was
 'attended by his own servants; my provisions were
 'sent from his own table; and I received every
 'week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the
 'most romantic of my expectations. But I soon
 'discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the
 'food

' food to which labour procured an appetite; no
 ' slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited;
 ' and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which dili-
 ' gence is expecting its reward. I remembered
 ' these enjoyments with regret; and while I was
 ' sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though
 ' they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they
 ' were suddenly taken away.

' Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his king-
 ' dom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired sud-
 ' denly in the bath; such, thou knowest, was the
 ' destiny, which the Almighty had written upon his
 ' head.

' His son Abubeker, who succeeded to the throne,
 ' was incensed against me, by some who regarded
 ' me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly
 ' withdrew my pension, and commanded that I
 ' should be expelled the palace; a command which
 ' my enemies executed with so much rigour, that
 ' within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of
 ' Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger
 ' and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all
 ' the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart de-
 ' spise me, thou whom experience has not taught,
 ' that it is misery to lose that which it is not happi-
 ' ness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had
 ' not been written on the tablets of Providence! I
 ' have

‘ have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed ! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasure of neither can return.’ Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till his agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, “ My son,” said he, “ more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubeker take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

“ Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; but when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldest not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed

“ was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress
 “ which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action.
 “ Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things:
 “ put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the
 “ wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: fix
 “ thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of
 “ which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and
 “ the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy
 “ labour; thy food shall be tasteful again, and thy
 “ rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be
 “ added stability, when it depends not upon that
 “ which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which
 “ is expected in heaven.”

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction
 impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate
 himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned
 upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he
 returned to his labour with cheerfulness: his devo-
 tion became fervent and habitual: and the latter
 days of Hassan were happier than the first.



ORIGINAL ANECDOTE

OF A

COUNTESS,

WHO WENT A BEGGING.

THIS extraordinary incident, which was for many years proverbial in some parts of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, occurred about the beginning of the reign of George I. During the depth of an extreme hard winter, a charity sermon being preached at the parish church of Endfield, near Endfield-hall, a seat of the Lady Grey, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, her Ladyship, who attended, was so affected by the pathetical address of the rector, that in order to sound the charitable dispositions of the hearers, most of whom she knew, she disguised herself in the habit of a beggar, and traversing the parish a whole day, the greatest part of which it snowed, she soon found that very few of the congregation, any more than the preacher, retained similar impressions of commiseration with herself after the sermon; and what was most remarkable, among a number of scanty pittances which with no small address she obtained, that of the Rev. Divine, though

a man of considerable estate, was the least of all ; in fine, where she expected most, she obtained the least ; only one poor cottager, an aged woman, asked her to come in and warm herself in the course of the day. The alms she had received elsewhere she had saved in a bag, which she was provided with. This aged woman, who was baking when she came to the door, made the unknown Countess sit down by the fire, while she baked her a cake in the mouth of the oven. The consequence of this unexpected kindness was, that the Lady, assuming her real character, the day after invited all her benefactors to a feast ; but when they entered the hall, though there were two tables, only one of them was furnished with the fare of the season ; but the other was, to the unspeakable surprise of the guests, garnished with the identical alms they had so illiberally bestowed before upon the noble beggar ; a label specifying the portion of each ; and finally, an explanation, and a most severe lecture by the lady, increased their confusion beyond all conception ; whilst the different treatment of the poor cottager, &c. and an annual stipend settled upon her by the Lady, stamped her ever after with the love and respect of the whole country.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

FALSEHOOD OF MEN.

THE generality of mankind are very apt to be severe on the ladies, on account of their ambition for coronets, their passion after wealth, and their inclination for parade. Time out of mind has it been a standing joke, that a red rag was a bait both for women and mackarel, and that where a celebrated toast might possibly be proof against the attacks of opulence and title, she has surrendered in an instant, at discretion, to a scarlet coat.

There may be some truth, perhaps, in these accusations; but if the ladies were to recriminate ever so little, we should find that the mighty lords of the creation, nine out of ten, are infinitely more fordid in their dispositions, and ridiculous in their pursuits, notwithstanding all the boasted superiority of their understandings, than those women whom they affect to treat with so much indifference and contempt.

When a young fellow, now-a-days, begins to look out for a wife, the first enquiry which is made relates

not

not to the beauty of her person, or the accomplishments of her mind, but to her future expectations, and the present weight of her purse: whether she is a fury or a fool is a matter of no consequence; the greatness of her fortune stifles every other consideration, and, as if there were no possibility for the virtues to dwell any where but with opulence, he takes her without knowing whether she is possessed of any one, and gains the approbation of the whole world for so prudent a solicitude about the main chance.

As we know that the foregoing method is the general criterion of conduct among the men, why should they be offended with the fair sex for making it the standard of theirs?—Is it more surprising that a woman should marry a lumpkin for his money, than that a man should give his hand to a fool for her fortune?

Charles Courtly for a long time paid his addresses to Miss Harriet Hartley, and was fortunate enough to engage her esteem; a day was appointed for the wedding, friends were invited, clothes were made, and no preparations were omitted for the proper celebration of the solemnity. Two days before the appointed one, a widow, with a large jointure at her own disposal, made some advances to him. He was caught. The desire of having an unnecessary dish at dinner, or a useless set of horses in his stable, prevailed

prevailed over his honour and his love, and he sold that hand to a superannuated simpleton, which he had before, in the most solemn manner, promised to exchange with the every way engaging Harriet.—
“ O shame! where is thy blush?”

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.

A TALE.

LAURA was one of the six daughters of Mr. Hartley, who resided in a small village in the county of Hereford, on an estate which he inherited from his ancestors. Laura was the eldest child; and from her birth had been the favourite of a maiden aunt, who left the whole of her property to her infant niece. The amount of the old lady's personal estate was very considerable; and that of her real formed an income of five hundred pounds a year. The residence of this relative was at a small distance from the village; and, being surrounded by a few scattered cottages, was denominated the Hamlet. Hence the heir to her fortunes acquired the appellation of—“ The Maid of the Hamlet.”

When

When Laura had obtained her eighteenth year, she found herself surrounded by a numerous levee of admirers; some of whom paid their court with a view of sharing the establishment which her departed relative had provided her; others were actuated by less interested motives; but none had effected the smallest impression on her heart.

Among the circle of her acquaintance, was admitted the only son of the curate of the village; a youth of modest mien and unassuming manners. Vincent Plomer had a heart susceptible of the most tender sensations: can it then be wondered at, that the united efforts of worth and beauty, which were eminently conspicuous in the mind and person of the fair Laura, should kindle in his breast the ardent flame of love? Such, indeed, were their effects on the humble Vincent; yet dare he not reveal the secret of his fondness. With much concern, his aged father saw the alteration which was daily making in his constitution: frequently would he urge him to disclose the cause of the grief which preyed on his mind, and drained from his cheek the bloom of health. Still he denied that he was unhappy; and strove, by a forced cheerfulness, to convince his friends of their mistake.

Vincent during his residence at the University, among his numerous studies, had made a considerable

able progress in the science of musick, of which he was always passionately fond. He played on several instruments; but his favourite was the German-flute, his execution on which was exquisitely fine.

Laura, was also much attached to musick, would frequently importune Vincent to play some of the most favourite airs then in vogue; and the pleasure he received in obeying the wishes of the woman he loved was too great to be resisted.

Calling accidentally in one of her evening walks at the parsonage, she discovered Vincent in his study, sitting at a table with a pencil in his hand, in the attitude of drawing. So attentive was he on the subject before him, that he heard not the entrance of Laura; who, crossing the room in soft and wary step, peeped over his shoulder, and beheld an admirable likeness of herself nearly in a finished state.

The thought, which she had long cherished, that he entertained a fond regard for the original, at this moment recurred to her mind with increased force; and she concluded that the concealment of his passion was the cause of his declining health and dejected spirits. Retreating a few paces from his chair, she saluted the attentive artist, who instantly rose; and, by his embarrassed address, confirmed the suspicion she had imbibed.

To

To the eyes of Laura, the features of Vincent were more than usually pale and languid. She intimated her thoughts of the visible decline there appeared in his constitution; observed, that the alteration could only be attributed to some hidden cause, which preyed on his mind; and lamented the error he committed in denying his friends the privilege of partaking in his sorrows and administering to his griefs.

Vincent thanked her for the concern she expressed for his happiness; and assured her that he should ever retain a due sense of the friendship and esteem with which she honoured him.

“Come, come, Vincent,” said Laura, with a smile of bewitching sweetness, “make me your confidant. I will not betray the trust, on my honour. Say, has not some girl got the possession of your heart? and is not love the source of your uneasiness?”

Vincent sighed heavily; and, taking up his flute, played, in the most pathetic manner—

“How sweet the love that meet’s return!”

His fair auditor listened with the most profound attention to the melancholy cadence of this favourite air; and Vincent, casting a glance on the attentive beauty, saw the tears of sensibility glistening in her lovely

lovely eyes. It was a favourable omen. A beam of joy darted through his frame; the dawn of hope rose in his lorn bosom; and though it did not remove, it in some measure dissipated the gloom of despair.

‘What favoured object, Madam,’ said Vincent, perceiving Laura deeply absorbed in thought, ‘has the happiness to engage your attention?’ The lucid drop still trembled in her eye, and an involuntary sigh escaped her bosom, ‘Has my too officious care,’ resumed the anxious youth, ‘to oblige the lovely Laura, waked in her mind the remembrance of some painful incident? Does she in silence mourn the pangs of unrequited love? It cannot be! Such worth, such beauty, the coldest heart—’

The unexpected entrance of his father checked the rapturous Vincent, and barred the progress of a conversation which promised to be very interesting.

Mr. Plomer, after paying his respects to Laura, addressed himself to Vincent; who had taken the opportunity which his father’s conversation with Miss Hartley afforded, to recover himself from the embarrassment he felt at this sudden and unexpected interruption. “I have just received a letter,” said Mr. Plomer, “from my college friend; who informs me, that he has obtained a curacy for you some short distance from Cambridge. I therefore
“ would

“ would have you, my son, return to the University ;
 “ and, at the ensuing ordination, receive the neces-
 “ sary qualifications for accepting the office he has
 “ generously employed his interest to procure.”

‘ Your wishes, Sir,’ returned Vincent, ‘ to me
 ‘ are absolute commands. Little preparations,’
 added he, ‘ will be necessary for my journey: I will
 ‘ therefore take my departure in the morning.’

“ In the morning, Sir?” with eagerness, asked
 Laura.

‘ No, Vincent!’ said Mr. Plomer; ‘ important
 ‘ as the business is, it requires not the dispatch you
 ‘ propose. A few days will be necessary for you to
 ‘ take leave of your friends, whose partiality and
 ‘ esteem ask a more liberal return than the time you
 ‘ have fixed will enable you to pay.’

Vincent bowed assent: and, after a short conver-
 sation, but ill-supported on the part of the young
 people, Laura rose to take her leave. Vincent
 solicited permission to attend her home; and the
 pleasure which Laura experienced in his company,
 would not permit her to decline his politeness.

The superior merits of Vincent—abstracted from
 his personal accomplishments, which, though not
 strictly meriting the proud distinction of beauty,
 were particularly striking and engaging—had long
 attracted the attention of Miss Hartley; and if, on

a strict

a strict examination of her heart, she could acquit it of the charge of love, she certainly cherished a regard for him, not very much differing in nature from that tender passion. It is true, that she had, with becoming prudence, resisted the advances of the smiling deity, and in a great measure suppressed the wishes of her heart, aware that many obstacles would occur to prevent her union with the son of a poor and humble curate.

Mr. Hartley, it must be observed, though possessed of many excellent qualities, was a man of no little pride; and thought too much of his family descent, which boasted some of the most distinguished characters in the annals of history, either as statesmen, warriors, or eminent divines, to be easily prevailed on to bestow his daughter on one whose only boast was intrinsic merit. A poor and bootless recommendation in the present age of refined sentiment!

But to return to our lovers—for such, from this moment, the reader may consider them—slowly pacing a grove of firs, through which their road to the Hamlet lay; where we shall find them lost in deep reflection, and profound silence, save when the half-smothered sigh from either breast forced its painful passage. At length, the trembling youth, summoning all his courage, ventured to address the thoughtful maid:—

“ A few

“ A few short hours,” said he, in a melancholy tone of voice, “ and I shall no more enjoy the converse of each social friend; nor—what is bliss still greater far than these—with Laura stray through fields, where summer spreads her lovely blossoms to the wondering eye, and blushing Flora exalts her balmy sweets. Yet shall remembrance often dwell, enraptured, on each bliss which, in these secluded shades, my bosom knew; and fancy, from the wreck of time, revive each pleasing scene. But, chiefly, shall memory trace my Laura’s lovely form, and bring to fond imagination’s eye those matchless charms, and that unrivalled worth, it boasts.”

“ And am I, Vincent, so dear to you? will you, in absence, hold me in your thoughts?” enquired the blushing maid.

“ Come along, Jack!” said a rough voice, behind them. “ This is she we are looking for.”

The astonished lovers turned, to learn from whence the threatening sound proceeded; and beheld two men, with crapes over their faces, advancing towards them.

As soon as the ruffians had reached the astonished pair, one of them seized Vincent by the arm; and, pointing a pistol to his breast, menaced him with instant death, if he dared to stir or speak. His companion,

companion, in the mean time, laid hold of Laura; who, sinking from his grasp, fell lifeless to the ground. The sight of the maid, whom he tenderly loved, in this perilous situation, roused the indignant spirit of the astonished Vincent; and, snatching the pistol which the villain pointed at his breast, he lodged its contents in his body, and brought him to the ground. His companion, seeing him fall, hurried from this scene of death; first discharging his pistol at Vincent, who unfortunately received the ball in his left shoulder.

Vincent's whole attention was now directed to the fainting Laura; who soon revived from this transitory state of death; and the first object that met her returning senses was her gallant lover.

“Hasten with me, my dear Laura,” said he, “from this scene of horror! let us seek your father’s mansion, where only we shall be safe; for still I fear danger surrounds us. This weapon,” continued he, snatching a sword from the fallen villain’s side, who lay weltering in his blood, and heaving deadly groans, “will be our sure defence, should the monster who has escaped return to execute his horrid purpose.” Without waiting her reply, he raised the trembling beauty from the ground, and hurried her out of the grove. Fear lent them strength, and added swiftness to their steps. Just as
they

they had reached the lawn that fronted the house of Mr. Hartley, the wounded lover found his strength exhausted; and, leaning on his sword, said—"I can go no farther, Laura! Here must I lay me down, till my wasted strength returns. A few short paces, and you will reach a place where danger has no dwelling. Fly, then!" added he, throwing himself on the ground; "and, ere too late, send me some friendly help."

The perturbed state of Laura's mind, from the rude treatment of the ruffians, had prevented her from discovering the situation of her deliverer; and, till this moment, she was a stranger to his being wounded. Swift as the winged arrow speeds its rapid flight, the lovely mourner bounded over the lawn; and meeting her father at the entrance of the house, who, beholding from a window her unusual haste, came to enquire the cause, rushed into his arms; and with wildness in her looks, and a trembling voice, informed him of Vincent's situation, and urged him to hasten to his assistance.

Mr. Hartley called his servants, and proceeded to the bottom of the lawn; where they found the brave youth so faint, through loss of blood, as to be totally incapable of speaking. With the assistance of his attendants, Mr. Hartley conveyed him to his house; and, having laid him on a bed, dispatched a messenger

a messenger for the surgeon of the village. Every possible care was taken of the unfortunate youth. The ball was extracted without much difficulty; and his surrounding friends had the happiness to hear the surgeon pronounce his wound remote from danger.

And now Mr. Hartley, having received the particulars of the accident which occasioned the wound of his young friend, sent a servant to the parsonage, desiring the presence of Mr. Plomer; while he himself, attended by the surgeon and a servant, directed his steps to the fatal spot, to learn from the fallen ruffian, if yet alive, the cause of the outrage committed against his daughter, and by whom he was engaged; for he suspected that he had been hired to effect the diabolical purpose of some unknown villain.

They found the poor wretch in a state of insensibility; and, having conveyed him to a neighbouring cottage, administered some cordials to his relief. After a length of time, he seemed to revive; but all he could articulate was, " Sir William!" and shortly after expired.

These words, however, afforded sufficient information for Mr. Hartley to conclude, that they had been hired by Sir William Ayliffe, to secure the person of his daughter, that by one efficient stroke of villainy he might revenge the disappointment he had

received from Laura's rejection of his hand: and this conclusion seemed to be justified by Sir William's sudden flight from this part of the country; which could only be attributed to the failure of his projected scheme, and the fear of exemplary punishment.

For several weeks Vincent was closely confined to his bed; and his friends experienced much anxiety at his situation. A variety of passions agitated his mind, and retarded the progress of his recovery. The fair Laura, too, suffered much from the state of uncertainty in which she was involved. The roses in her cheek each day disclosed a fainter blush; her spirits forsook her; and her anxious parents frequently discovered her in tears. Mr. Hartley readily divined the cause of her uneasiness, and charged her with the partiality she bore the humble Vincent. She sought not to elude the question, but frankly owned her love.

"I confess," said Mr. Hartley, "I did expect you would have selected a man of equal birth and fortune with yourself, to associate with in the marriage state. One of greater merit, I am persuaded, you could not have chosen than our young friend; and I can but think he well deserves your love. I have observed," continued he, "that an hopeless passion on his part is the chiefest, and, perhaps, only obstacle to his recovery; and that a similar attachment on that of your's is the source
" of

“ of your present uneasiness and declining health. It
 “ would, indeed, be the very height of ingratitude
 “ in us, Laura, not to esteem that valour, but for
 “ which you might, at this moment, have been de-
 “ prived of life, and I in fruitless grief mourned
 “ your loss. Go then, my child,” added he, “ the
 “ gladsome messenger of joy; remove from his
 “ mind the clouds of uncertainty; and tell him
 “ you are his for ever.”

Laura instantly threw herself on her knees; and,
 snatching her father’s hand, carried it to her lips—
 ‘ And will you, will you, my dear father, make the
 ‘ generous Vincent happy? will you ease the fears that
 ‘ rack his tortured mind? Oh! matchless condescen-
 ‘ sion! how shall I repay such unbounded goodness?’

“ Rise, my dear Laura,” said Mr. Hartley, wi-
 ping from his eye the starting tear of paternal love:
 “ your happiness is mine; and whatever gives joy
 “ to you is to me an equal blessing.”

The grateful Laura impatiently sought the cham-
 ber of her desponding lover; and removed from his
 mind each fearful doubt, each lingering trace of
 wretchedness.

“ Now each new day increasing strength bestows,
 “ And his brac’d limbs the limping staff resign;
 “ His humid lip with roseate lustre glows,
 “ His lucid eyes with wonted brightness shine.”

The grateful pastor received the intelligence of Mr. Hartley's consent to the union of his son with the wealthy Laura, with tears of joy. To see his only child advanced to wealth and honour, raised from the painful state of low dependence to ease and affluence, blotted from his memory his former sufferings; relieved him from the tender fears he entertained for his fate; and warmed his soul with gratitude to the beneficent Ruler of the world. "Thus," said he, "when the angry tempest over the peopled globe its rage has spent, the balmy gales of health succeed, and nature gathers new beauties from the storm."

A few weeks from the dawn of this promised scene of bliss, the venerable curate joined the consenting hands of this virtuous pair. The happiness of their friends was considerably augmented by the felicity in which they lived; and the surrounding peasantry, who shared the benevolence of Vincent and Laura, with ceaseless gratitude sung the praises of—*The Maid of the Hamlet.*



ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR,

JOSEPH THE SECOND.

THE Emperor having gone to the vault of the palais royal, which is renowned for ice, the report spread; and among other people who came to wait in the passage, was a hackney-coachman, who had left his coach in order to see the Emperor: a gentleman comes out, and desires the coachman to carry him in his coach: "I cannot carry you, Sir, I am come to see the Emperor, and though you should give me a crown, I would not go along with you." "Come, come, I will give you six franks." "No, it is impossible—I must see the Emperor." "With all my heart, but the Emperor is no longer in the vault, but just gone out—" "Are you sure of that?" "Yes—Drive on to the Hotel Treville, Rue Tournon." The coach arrives, and the Count of Falkenstein comes out, and pays the coachman his fare, wrapped up in a bit of paper. Our modern Phaeton unrolls it, for fear of being deceived; but what was his surprise at finding, instead of six franks, a double louis! Quite confounded, he calls to the porter—"the gentleman is mistaken—he has given me two louis instead of six

“ six franks, which he promised me. Who then
 “ may he be?” ‘ It is the Emperor,’ replied the
 other. “ Falkenstein,” exclaimed the coachman
 with energy, “ how unhappy am I!—had I known
 “ it was you, I should have turned round on my
 “ coach-box to look at you:” with this he runs to
 the tavern to drink the Emperor’s health. It is
 added, that he put a cockade in his hat, and in the
 ears of his rosinantes, published to all the world,
 “ I have carried the Emperor.”

FOLLY
 OF
 PLEADING INABILITY
 TO
 DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

I Had the misfortune, some time ago, to be in com-
 pany, where a gentleman, who has the honour to
 be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the
 first class, was expected. Till this person came in,
 the conversation was carried on with the cheerful
 easy negligence of sensible good-humour: but we
 soon discovered, that his discourse was a perpetual
 effort

effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, "because," as he said, "a body must move either where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd."

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful, till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it is impossible to believe; and to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent, and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me,

I recollected

I recollected several incidents, which convinced me that most of the persons who were present had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour than in any other person of my acquaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife of our friend, at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who, during this interval, was engaged by some unexpected business in another room. Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name be justly offended, because that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure. With Mr. Traffic, I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risk of a certain sum, it was possible to retrieve

his

his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drunk his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind, till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumstances too well to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: “for,” says he, “though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security, yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting him at what risk he lends, than I would solicit the insurance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than every pump was at work.”

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern; “he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of a trader, whom œconomy and diligence cannot secure from calamities which are brought upon others only by
“ profusion

“ profusion and riot; but as to the money,” he said, “ that I could not expect him to venture it without security: that my friend himself could not wonder that his request was refused, a request with which, indeed,” said he, “ I cannot possibly comply.”

Whatever may be thought of the free agency of my friend and myself, which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact; for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds, from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship; he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank-note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised, that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened,

pened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and distress, that he could not possibly fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was not in his power to refuse. This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine; and indeed, he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion; but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities, in these terms: “ Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather
 “ act the character of a merry fellow, than a wise
 “ man; that you should mortify a friend whom you
 “ not only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a
 “ character which you reverence; betray a secret,
 “ violate truth, and sport with the doctrine and the
 “ practice of a religion which you believe, merely
 “ for the pleasure of being laughed at.” I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged
 up

up his shoulders, and greatly extended the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance. ‘All this,’ said he, ‘is very true, but if I were to be hanged I could not help it.’ Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits himself to the most ridiculous drudgery, without one struggle for freedom.

Of the Lady, I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtilia will allow me to plead an irresistible impulse, when she reflects, that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irresistible impulse to play. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity, when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself, with an honest sensibility that burst into tears; but at the same time told me, “that she was no more able to refrain from cards than to fly:” and a few nights afterwards, I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our necessitarian; and to
confess

confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some, or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt.

And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtila came in; and to atone for any dishonour which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others, who preserve the birth-right of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may, without reproach, deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge,
indeed,

indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, “ whose service is “ perfect freedom.”

ANECDOTE OF Mr. POPE.

DURING Mr. Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, (Dr. Burton and Dr. Thomson, both since dead) Dr. B. charging Dr. T. with hastening his death by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length silenced them, saying, “ Gentlemen, I only learn, “ by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous “ way; therefore, all I have now to ask is, that the “ following epigram may be added, after my death, “ to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of “ postscript:

“ Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
 “ The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last.”

Others

Others say, that these lines were written by Dr. B. himself; and the following epigram by a friend of Dr. T's was occasioned by the foregoing one:

As physic and verse both to Phœbus belong,
 So the college oft dabble in potion and song;
 Hence Burton, resolv'd his emetics shall hit
 When his recipes fail, gives a puke with his wit.

ANECDOTE

OF

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

THIS great man, from his earliest years, exhibited that quickness of mind, which so much distinguished his maturer years. His father Cosmo, having one day presented him, when he was quite a child, to an Ambassador, to whom he was talking of him with the foolish fondness of a parent, desired the Ambassador to put some questions to his son, and to see, by his answers, if he was not a boy of parts. The Ambassador did as he was desired, and was soon convinced of the truth of what Cosmo had told him; but added, “ This child, as he grows up, “ will probably become stupid; for it has generally
 “ been

“ been observed, that those who, when young, are
 “ very sprightly and clever, hardly ever increase in
 “ talents as they grow older.” Young Lorenzo,
 hearing this, crept gently to the Ambassador, and
 looking him archly in the face, said to him, ‘ I am
 ‘ certain, that when you were young, you were a boy
 ‘ of very great genius.’

THE LIFE OF MAN.

.....**BEHOLD**, fond man !

See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years ;
 Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale-concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ; those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ; those longings after fame ;
 Those restless cares ; those busy bustling days ;
 Those gay-spent festive nights ; those varying
 thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are fled ! Religion sole remains
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high.

IN

IN WHAT

TRUE HAPPINESS CONSISTS.

TRUE happiness consists in three things: 1st. In such an innocence, that the mind has nothing criminal to reproach it with. 2dly. In learning to be content with that station wherein Heaven has placed us. 3dly. In the enjoyment of perfect health. If any of these be wanting, we cannot be truly happy: virtue is at that time of service to comfort us; but it cannot exempt us from the evils which we suffer. There is a great difference between comforting a man, and curing him: we assist the former to bear up under his misfortunes, but we change the pain and sorrow of the latter into pleasure and joy.

It is certain that a man who abandons himself to wickedness, be his estate, dignity, or post, ever so great or eminent, cannot be happy. The wicked are their own judges; the horror of their crimes follows them wherever they go; and, though their guilt be so far unknown to the public that they pass for men of virtue, yet they are not easy in their minds. ‘The worst punishment,’ says Juvenal, ‘which a wicked man suffers, is, that he cannot

‘ declare himself innocent, though he is acquitted
 ‘ and discharged out of court; and though the
 ‘ prætor takes a bribe, and obtains him a pardon,
 ‘ yet he cannot absolve himself.’ It is a mistake to
 think that bad men can entirely stifle the remorse of
 conscience: sometimes they fancy they are above
 the reproaches of it; but soon after they condemn
 themselves, they are struck with a secret horror,
 persecute themselves, and are their own executioners.
 The torments which they endure are not to be ex-
 pressed; and is it not a question whether there is any
 one more cruel in hell, than a conscience bearing
 secret witness in the soul against a man’s guilt day
 and night? No pleasures, banquets, plays, or any
 other representations, nor even the charms of love,
 can restore a calm to a breast which is troubled with
 a remorse for wickedness. Conscience is not silent
 in the most pompous entertainments; but, like an
 implacable fury which nothing can pacify, it poisons
 the most dainty dishes, and turns the most lively
 mirth into uneasiness.

They who appear to us to be the most daring
 offenders, are the most timorous after the commis-
 sion of their crimes. They are equally afraid of
 the indignation of men and the wrath of Heaven,
 and turn pale at the least flash of lightning. If it
 thunders, they are half dead; for they do not con-
 sider

sider it as proceeding from a natural cause, but imagine that Heaven, provoked at their wickedness, is ready to dart its thunder-bolts at their guilty heads. Nor are they much more tranquil when the storm is over; for they imagine it only a reprieve from their deserved punishment. The slightest malady that seizes them they take to be mortal, and what will deprive them of this life, to give them a new one full of torments. If the wicked did but foresee what troubles their crimes would involve them in, they would abstain from committing them; but they do not begin to see and feel the enormity of them till after they have committed them; yet they go on to perpetrate new ones, because of their natural bias to wickedness; so that they cannot help doing the evil which in their judgment they condemn. They hope to be less troubled in conscience by fresh transgressions than by the former, and flatter themselves that they shall make wickedness familiar to them by repeated acts of it. What wretches are these, who think to obtain a cure by what increases their disease, and are incessantly procuring themselves new torments!

The common people, who only judge by external appearances, very often think men happy, who are actually devoured with chagrin: they cannot conceive how a sovereign, to whom all is obedience,

can be unhappy; that a great nobleman, who keeps a plentiful house, who has mistresses, domestics, equipages, palaces, and manors, can be tormented with a thousand uneasinesses: but wise men know that this sovereign, who does not govern by the rules of justice, finds that he is hated by his people, despised by foreign nations, and doomed to be transmitted to posterity as a wicked prince. There is no man, be he ever so bad, but is sorry to be hated and despised. The wicked have a love for themselves as well as the good; and, while they have so, hatred and contempt wound them. If we read the history of the most cruel and savage tyrants, we shall find them more than once lamenting that they were the abhorrence of mankind; and their vexation at the thoughts of it made them still more fierce and barbarous; whereas they had not been so bloody and inflexible, if they knew they had not been so much detested. They committed the more crimes, to be revenged for the abhorrence formed of them; and such their vengeance added to the measure of their own uneasiness and of their public hatred.

Therefore no man can be truly happy, let his condition be what it will, if he be not virtuous. The prince and the peasant are on the same footing in this respect; and the one is as much punished by remorse on his throne, as the other at his plough.

Whoever

Whoever seeks to live a happy life, ought to be more afraid of guilt than of death; for the latter only puts an end to our days, whereas the former only renders them unhappy. The virtuous man, when he dies, goes to the enjoyment of much greater happiness than what he loses; whereas the criminal, while he lives, is overwhelmed with misfortunes here, and tormented with the fear of those that threaten him in the life to come; and, though he should not believe the immortality of the soul, yet he would not be the less unhappy, because he would have no hopes of finding a change in his misfortunes into happiness after his death.

The second thing which is absolutely necessary towards leading a happy life is, to know how to make ourselves easy in the station wherein Heaven has placed us. If a man has a competency, if he has every thing that is needful to keep him from want, why should he envy others the possession of great riches, which perhaps would only conduce to make him unhappy? ‘It is not wealth,’ as Horace wisely says, ‘that makes a man happy. None can be esteemed happy, but they who are so wise as to be satisfied with whatever the Gods send them.’ When men give themselves up to their ambition, and do not put a check to their desires, they become slaves to their passions; and whenever those bear arbitrary

trary sway over a man, he is sure to be always unhappy. The wisest and most important thing in life is, to be able to know how to be content with the portion allotted us by Heaven. He who is for increasing his revenue by illegal methods, is tormented by remorse; and he who strives to increase them by honest methods, but such as are painful, is oppressed with care and anxiety; two faults, which must equally be avoided, if we would live happy. Why should we be perpetually thinking of what we may want some years hence? We should leave every thing to contingencies, and make the best of it that we can. Besides, do we know certainly that it would be for our advantage, if Heaven were to gratify our wishes? Perhaps, from the very moment that we saw them fulfilled, we should date the beginning of misfortunes which would sink us, and never leave us till death; at least certain it is, that they would increase the thirst after riches in us, and would only render our avarice the stronger. When once the heart is set upon the amassing of wealth, the treasures of all the princes upon earth cannot satisfy it: the more a man has, the more he covets. Avarice is a passion which never can be satisfied: the more we seek to gratify it, the stronger it grows, and the more it manifests its power. A man needs not to be a philosopher, to be sensible that an honest

mediocrity

mediocrity is infinitely more desirable than immense riches; it is sufficient if we hearken to plain reason, and if we will but make use of it.

Great honours and dignities are altogether as unlikely as riches to procure a happy life. A peasant may be happy, though he is not a judge, or justice of the peace, in his village; a citizen ought not to envy the office of the sheriff, nor a member of parliament that of the chancellor. In all states we may be easy, if we acquit ourselves in all relations to them with honour and prudence. Employments are so far from rendering a man the more happy, that commonly they do but diminish his felicity, by subjecting him to a greater number of duties, that are indispensable, and which he cannot neglect without failing in his obligations to himself and the public, and consequently without forfeiting his happiness; because, by the principle we have established, it is proved, that whoever is dishonest cannot be happy.

It may be said of offices, birth, kindred, and riches, that all these things are according as they are considered by those who enjoy them. They may be reckoned as blessings to those that know how to make use of them; but they become great misfortunes to those who do not make the use of them which they ought to do: and, as it requires great wisdom

wisdom for a man to know how to conduct himself in prosperity, the wealth and grandeur which raise us above other men are commonly more prejudicial than useful: from being real advantages they become misfortunes, and are obstructions to the happiness of life.

Perhaps it will be asked, that, if it be easier for mere private men to be happy than great ones, why the latter, who desire to be happy and tranquil, do not descend to be private men? The reason is very plain; it is because they are so attached to their office or station, by what they owe to their family, their country, their prince, and themselves, that they cannot quit it without a breach of their duty. Should they take a step which they knew was not fitting for them, they would not be happy in such new state, because the thing which is most essential to the happiness of life is, to have nothing wherewith a man can reproach himself. It is natural, therefore, for men of wisdom and penetration to continue in the posts wherein Heaven has placed them, and to which it is allotted them; and that they should endeavour therein to make themselves happy, without having recourse to an alteration, which, instead of being for the better, would be to their prejudice, and distance them for ever from the mark which they would fain arrive at.

ON THE DIFFERENCE
 BETWEEN
 GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

GENEROSITY, properly applied, will supply every other external advantage in life, but the love of those with whom we converse. It will procure esteem, and a conduct resembling real affection; but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no generosity can purchase, no rewards increase, no liberality can secure the continuance of it: that very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affection upon the objects he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor's good-will, may load the person obliged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate; this is gratitude: and simple gratitude, untinged with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for preceding benefits.

But gratitude and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently

frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous favours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits are a load, till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation, and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating, operation of the mind. We never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice; while he, who has bound us to him by benefits alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have, in some measure, forfeited our freedom.

Love and gratitude are seldom, therefore, found in the same breast, without impairing each other:

we may tender the one or the other singly to those with whom we converse, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increase we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to affection.

In all our connexions with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force; we should seem not to know that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections. Constraint may, indeed, leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition; a benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due.

It were much more prudent, however, to forego our right on such an occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude; but they cost him very much, from whom we exact them in return. A grateful acknowledgment exacted, is a debt

debt demanded: by which proceeding, the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor makes his payment with reluctance.

While Mencius, the philosopher, was travelling in the pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying during a thunder-storm accompanied with rain, which conspired to make solitude still more hideous, he perceived an hermit's cell, and approaching, asked for shelter. "Enter," said the hermit, in a severe tone, "men deserve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, as their actions taught the truest lessons of wisdom. "Mention not the name of man," cried the hermit with indignation; "here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here among the beasts of the forest, I shall find no flatterers: the lion is a generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile while he presents it."

'You have been ill-used by mankind,' said the philosopher shrewdly, interrupting him. "Yes,"

“ Yes,” replied the hermit, “ on mankind I exhausted my whole fortune; this staff, that cup, and those roots, are all I have in return.”

‘ Did you bestow your fortune, or did you lend it?’ asked Mencius.

“ I bestowed it, undoubtedly,” replied the other, “ for where is the merit of being a money-lender?”

‘ Did they ever own that they received it?’ still adds the philosopher.

“ A thousand times,” said the hermit: “ they loaded me every day with professions of gratitude for favours received, and solicitations for future benefactions.”

‘ If, then,’ said Mencius smiling, ‘ you did not lend your fortune, in order to have it returned, it is unjust to accuse them of ingratitude. They owned themselves obliged, you expected no more, and they certainly earned each favour by a frequent acknowledgment of it.’

The hermit, struck with the reply, surveyed his guest with emotion. “ I have heard of the great Mencius,” said he, “ and you are certainly the man. I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom; take me back to *the school of men*, and educate me as one of the youngest, and most ignorant of your disciples.”

‘ Indeed,

‘ Indeed, my son,’ replied Mencius, ‘ it is better
 ‘ to have friends in our passage through life, than
 ‘ grateful dependents; and as love is a more willing,
 ‘ so is it a more lasting tribute than extorted obliga-
 ‘ tion. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged,
 ‘ gratitude once refused can never after be recovered.
 ‘ The mind that is base enough to disallow the just
 ‘ return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon re-
 ‘ collection, triumphs in its new acquired freedom,
 ‘ and, in some measure, is pleased with conscious
 ‘ baseness.

‘ Very different is the situation of disagreeing
 ‘ friends; their separation produces mutual uneasi-
 ‘ ness. Like that divided being in fabulous creation,
 ‘ their sympathetic souls once more desire their for-
 ‘ mer union; the joys of both are imperfect; their
 ‘ gayest moments are tinged with uneasiness; each
 ‘ seeks the smallest concessions to clear the way to a
 ‘ wished explanation: the most trifling acknow-
 ‘ ledgments, the slightest accidents, serve to effect a
 ‘ mutual reconciliation.’



LOVE.

LOVE is a passion felt by all people, and talked of by most people: by very few people is it understood. By nothing more than its despotic sway over all the other passions, is its omnipotence discovered. According to the different operations of love in our bosoms, we are furious or tame, compassionate or resentful: animated with hope, or plunged into despair. By love, the proudest of men is converted into an abject slave. By love, those who have the meanest opinion of their intellects are inspired with towering ideas, and consequential sensations. Nay, even the most miserable miser, when love has thawed his icy heart, will dash about his money with an air of liberality. Love, indeed, makes many a man ridiculous; but, "of all the various fools which love has made," the old dotard is justly to be placed in the highest form. When grey-beards turn inamoratos, human nature appears in a very contemptible light. The appearance of such a wretch is sufficient to make us ashamed of our existence. Let no man, however, when such an object is before his eyes, be too severely

severely farcaſtical; for no man, without great preſumption, can ſay, “ I ſhall never expoſe my-
“ ſelf like him.”

A LETTER

FROM

ELIZABETH, PRINCESS PALATINE,

TO

SIR SIMONDS D'EUES.

SIR,

I Have received your kind letter, and learned diſ-
course, with much contentment. Indeed, we
have ſuffered much wrong in this world, yet I com-
plain not at it, becauſe, when God pleaſeth, we ſhall
have right. In the mean time I am much beholden
to you for your good affection, hoping you will not
be weary to continue your friendly offices towards
me, in the place where you ſit, which ſhall never
be forgotten by

Your moſt aſſured friend,

ELIZABETH.

To Sir Simonds D'Eues, &c.

Aug. 21ſt, 1645.

ANECDOTE

OF

HENRY II. KING OF FRANCE.

THIS Prince, though of a very easy and accommodating disposition, knew occasionally when to give a refusal. His favourite sister, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earnest with him to give up to her husband, the strong fortresses of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouse, which may be looked upon as the keys of France towards Italy. He told the Ambassadors from Savoy, who intimated his sister's desire to him, "I am extremely fond of my sister, but I would much sooner give her my two eyes out of my head, than these three fortresses."

THE LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
 In a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam, once in Eden
 Blighted when like us he fell,
 Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
 On your boasted white and red,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers, nightly waking,
 See the end of all your care;
 Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
 Lo! the fickle air, that raises,
 Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sops, in systems jaded,
 Who for new ones daily call,
 Cease at length by us persuaded,
 Ev'ry leaf must have its fall!

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay in health and manly grace,
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable fires, grown hoary,
 Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
 Think, amidst your falling glory,
 Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay;
 Thus we preach this truth concerning,
 "Heav'n and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
 Man! let all thy hope be staid,
 Which alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

ANECDOTE

OF

DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went, with some other gentlemen, to laugh an hour at Bartholomew fair. At one of the booths was an amazing large bear, which the showman assured them was "*cotched* in the *undiscovered* parts of Russia." The

O 2

bear

bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very furly and ill-tempered: of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and shewed every mark of awkward kindness. "How is it, (said one of the company) "that this animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" "Because, (replied Mallet) he knows that Linnæus 'would have classed them together, as *two* animals 'of *one* species.'

The Doctor disliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the Octavo Dictionary under the word *Alias*.

ANECDOTE.

AS Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the Rev. and corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerey reproved him for breaking the sabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have

have taught him better. The poor poet replied,
 “ Reverend Sir, your external appearance says, that
 “ if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, as
 “ mine is, you would angle for it, though it were a
 “ fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you.”

PEEVISHNESS

EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

THE CHARACTER OF *TETRIX*.

MEN seldom give pleasure, where they are not
 pleased themselves ; it is necessary, therefore,
 to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness,
 that in whatever state we may be placed by Providence,
 whether we are appointed to confer or receive
 benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may
 secure the love of those with whom we transact. For
 though it is generally imagined, that he who grants
 favours may spare any attention to his behaviour,
 and that usefulness will always procure friends ; yet
 it has been found that there is an art of granting
 requests, an art very difficult of attainment ; that
 officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as
 to

to lose the greater part of their effect; that compli-
ance may provoke, relief may harass, and liberality
distress.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable
it from benevolence, the chief duty of social beings,
than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks
not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into
clamour, turbulence, or bloodshed, it wears out
happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries in-
cessantly repeated. It may be considered as the
canker of life, that destroys its vigour and checks its
improvement, that creeps on with hourly depreda-
tions, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as
to outrun the motions of the will, and discover it-
self without premeditation, is a species of depravity
in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, be-
cause no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address,
can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and
indignity. While we are courting the favour of a
peevish man, and exerting ourselves in the most
diligent civility, an unluckily syllable displeases, an
unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and
in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon
having gained a friend, our endeavours are frustrated
at once, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual
tumult of some trifling irritation.

This

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptoms of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such an alarming apprehension of the least increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch; such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care or tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the captiousness of old age. When the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power; and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or an evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance.

But

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harrassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness or pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles; or pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude, indeed, naturally contract this unsocial quality, because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities, therefore, are only blameable, when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him on the down of absolute authority, to soothe him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate
for

for the coarseness of truth; a little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour, he soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

TETRICA had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of understanding, she was soon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, such as she, had nothing to do but take pleasure their own way; that she wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reason to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themselves ill-treated, should look for better usage among their equals.

Warm with these generous sentiments, Tetrica came forth into the world, in which she endeavoured to force respect by haughtiness of mien, and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, she suffered such mortifications from those who thought themselves at liberty to return her insults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her

to practise her arts of vexation only where she might hope to tyrannize without resistance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors, with so much diligence, that she has formed a principle of disapprobation, and finds in every place something to grate her mind and disturb her quiet.

If she takes the air, she is offended with heat or cold, the glare of the sun, or the gloom of the clouds; if she makes a visit, the room in which she is to be received, is too light, or too dark, or furnished with something which she cannot see without aversion. Her tea is never of the right sort; the figures on the *Cbina* give her disgust. Where there are children, she hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, she cannot bear a place without some cheerfulness and rattle. If many servants are kept in a house, she never fails to tell how Lord *Lavish* was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, she relates the story of a miser that made his company wait on themselves. She quarrelled with one family, because she had an unpleasant view from their windows; with another, because the squirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, because she could not bear the noise of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers she is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their
work,

work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another fashion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at first; then will have a small improvement. Thus she proceeds till no profit can recompence the vexation; they at last leave the clothes at her house, and refuse to serve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, professes to take her own course, and hear her mistress talk. Such is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised.

It sometimes happens, that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the standard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the understanding; and teaches the mind to discern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident, likewise, to men of vigorous imagination to please themselves too much with futurities, and to fret, because those expectations are disappointed, which should never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man rashly determine, that his unwillingness to be pleased is a proof of understanding, unless his superiority appear from less doubtful evidence; for though peevishness may
sometimes

sometimes justly boast its descent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity, and nursing of ignorance.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

KING OF FRANCE.

WHEN Louis XVI. ascended the throne, he was only twenty years of age; and had, at first, no other counsel than the written advice left him by his father, the late dauphin. This precious paternal bequest was ordered to remain sealed till his son should succeed to the throne. Immediately on his accession, he hastens to open it, with a pious design to obey its every injunction. It advises him, by all means, to engage for his mentor M. De Machault, as the most able person to direct his steps, if the weight of royalty should descend on him at a period so premature, that he could only be supposed to possess rectitude of intention for the performance of his duties. Faithful to the wishes of a beloved father, he immediately writes the following letter to M. De Machault:

“ *Choisy,*

Choisy, May 11, 1774.

“ IN the just grief which overwhelms me,
 “ and which I participate with the whole nation, I
 “ have great duties to fulfil: I am king, and this
 “ name includes innumerable obligations. But I
 “ am only twenty, and have not acquired all the
 “ knowledge which is necessary for my situation.
 “ In the mean time, I must not see any of the mi-
 “ nisters, who have been with the king during his
 “ contagious distemper. From the confidence
 “ which I repose in your probity, and the profound
 “ knowledge which you are known to possess, I am
 “ induced to desire that you would assist me with
 “ your advice. Come, then, the first moment
 “ possible, and you will afford me a great pleasure.

“ LOUIS.”

The confidence of the young monarch was well merited by M. De Machault, who had long been the minister of the finances and of the law, under Louis XV. He had, however, been for some time dismissed from his employments, through the intrigues of the ecclesiastical cabal, because he was desirous of obliging the clergy to pay taxes like other subjects; and he had ever since lived on his estate, in the deepest retirement, universally esteemed, except by those who had so successfully conspired against him.

Nothing

Nothing now was wanting to this letter, but the direction; when, either from a native timidity, or a desire to have the excellence of his choice confirmed, Louis XVI. went to his aunt, Mademoiselle Adelaide, communicated the desire of his father, and shewed her the yet unaddressed letter, which he had in consequence written. The princess highly approves his conduct, and even requests him instantly to send off a courier with the letter. *The king, unfortunately, keeps it back several hours!* Mademoiselle Adelaide, in the mean time, as most ladies would naturally do, informs her female suite who was to be the prime minister. The news flies, with the rapidity of lightening, and alarm spreads among the courtiers. Every individual of this sycophantick swarm dreaded the integrity, and the austere virtues, of him who was now to be appointed state pilot. Intrigue is put in motion; corruption, of course, follows. A hundred thousand crowns are offered to a lady, who is well known to have great influence over the princess, if she can so far succeed, as to change the choice of a minister in favour of M. De Maurepas. This nobleman had been minister at the juvenile age of fifteen; and, at thirty, he had been dismissed. Though now far advanced in years, he was known to have lived a life of dissipation, and to possess a large fund of intrigue, gaiety, frivolity, and

and pliability. He had written epigrams; he was a voluptuary, and a wit: in short, he was the person best adapted to the views of the dissolute courtiers of Versailles, who were desirous of prolonging the abuses of the late reign. The lady of honour, tempted by the hundred thousand crowns, now adroitly insinuated to the princess that the choice of M. De Machault would not fail to offend the clergy; and that, in consequence, there was reason to fear the commencement of the new reign would be stormy. Having contrived to alarm Mademoiselle Adelaide, that princess hastens to disclose her anxiety to the king; and the unfortunate Louis XVI. naturally timid, and dreading the consequences of his first regal act, finished the business by directing the same letter to the Count De Maurepas!

Thus, at his first step towards the throne, this unhappy monarch fell into a net; and this error was the fertile source of innumerable others. M. De Maurepas, tottering with age and infirmity, on the brink of his tomb, thought it necessary to procure friends, who might, by every where extolling his abilities, fix him firmly in the office of grand-visier. To augment their number, he purchased them by all possible methods. To some he gave pensions, for others he created new offices; and, by these means, soon compleated the ruin of the finances, and
paved

paved the way for the fate of Louis XVI. and all the irretrievable misery with which France has been subsequently overwhelmed. Never, surely, did such fatal consequences arise from changing the direction of a letter!

ON LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, like many other dispositions of our minds, is necessarily pleasant to us, when it begins, in the natural manner, from some perception in the mind of something ludicrous, and does not take its rise unnaturally from external motion in the body. Every one is conscious that a state of laughter is an easy and agreeable state: that the recurring or suggestion of ludicrous images, tends to dispel fretfulness, anxiety, or sorrow, and to reduce the mind to an easy and happy state: as, on the other hand, an easy and happy state is that in which we are most lively and acute in perceiving the ludicrous in objects: any thing that gives us pleasure, puts us also in a fitness for laughter, when something ridiculous occurs; and ridiculous objects occurring to a soured temper, will be apt to recover it

it to easiness. The implanting then a sense of the ridiculous in our nature, was giving us an avenue to pleasure, and an easy remedy for discontent and sorrow. Again, laughter, like other affections, is very contagious: our whole frame is so sociable, that one merry countenance may diffuse cheerfulness to many; nor are they all fools who are apt to laugh before they know the jest, however curiosity in wise men may restrain it, that their attention may be kept awake.

We are disposed by laughter to a good opinion of the person who raises it: if neither ourselves, nor our friends, are made the butt. Laughter is not one of the smallest bonds of common friendship, though it be of less consequence in great heroic friendship.

Laughter is received in a different manner by the person ridiculed, according as he who uses the ridicule evidences good-nature; friendship and esteem for the person whom he laughs at, or the contrary.

Fantastical circumstances accompanying a crime may raise laughter, but a piece of cruel barbarity, or treacherous villainy, of itself, must raise very opposite passions. A jest is not common in an impeachment of a criminal, or an oration full of invectives; it rather diminishes than increases the abhorrence in an audience, and may justly excite contempt of the orator for an unnatural affectation

of wit. Jesting is still more unnatural in discourses intended to move compassion towards the distressed. A forced ridicule, on either of these occasions, must be apt to kindle in the guilty or the miserable, hatred against the laugher; since it must be supposed to flow from hatred in him towards the object of his ridicule, or from want of all compassion. The guilty will take laughter to be a triumph over him as contemptible! the wretched will interpret it as hardness of heart, and insensibility. This is the natural effect of joining to either of these objects, mean, ludicrous ideas.

If smaller faults, faults not inconsistent with a character amiable in the main, be set in a ridiculous light, the guilty are apt to be made sensible of their folly, more by an exposure of their follies than by grave admonitions.

Ridicule upon very little faults, when it does not appear to flow from kindness, is extremely provoking; for by the application of mean ideas to our conduct, the ridiculer discovers contempt for us; and shews a desire to render us contemptible to others.

Ridicule upon any slight misfortune or injury, which we have received with sorrow or resentment, when it is applied by a third person, with appearance of good nature, is exceedingly useful to abate our concern, or resentment, and to reconcile us to

the

the person who injured us, if he does not persist in his injurious proceedings.

From this consideration of the effects of laughter, it may be easy to see for what end a sense of the ridiculous was implanted in human nature, and in what manner it ought to be managed.

It is plainly of considerable moment in human society: it is often productive of great pleasure, and it enlivens our conversation exceedingly when it is conducted by good-nature. It spreads a pleasantry of temper over hundreds at once; and one merry, easy mind frequently diffuses a similar disposition over all who are in company. There is nothing of which we are more communicative than a good jest; and many a man who is incapable of obliging us in any other shape, can oblige us by his mirth, and really insinuate himself into our kind affections and good wishes.

But this is not all the use of laughter: it is well known that our passions of every kind lead us into wild enthusiastic apprehensions of their several objects. When any object seems great in comparison with ourselves, our minds are apt to run into a perfect veneration; when an object appears formidable, a weak mind will fly into a panic, an unreasonable impotent horror. Now, in both these cases, by our sense of the ridiculous, we are made capable of re-

lief from any pleasant ingenious well-wisher, by more effectual means, than by the most solemn sedate reasoning. Nothing will sooner prevent our excessive admiration of mixed grandeur, or hinder our being led by that which is perhaps really great in such an object, to imitate also and approve what is really mean.

This engine of ridicule may be undoubtedly abused, and have a very bad effect upon a weak mind; but with men of any reflection, there is little fear that it will ever be very pernicious. The only danger is in objects of a mixed nature, before people of little judgment, who, by jests upon the weak side, are sometimes led into neglect or contempt of that which is truly valuable in any character, institution, or office: and this may shew us the impertinence and pernicious tendency of general undistinguished jests upon any character or office which has been too much over-rated. But that ridicule may be abused, does not prove it useless or unnecessary, more than a like possibility of abuse would prove our senses and passions impertinent or hurtful. The rules to avoid abuse of this kind are, first, “Either never to attempt ridicule upon what is every where great, whether it be any great being, character, or sentiment; or, if our wit must sometimes run into allusions on low occasions, to the
“ expressions

“ expressions of great sentiments, let it not be in
 “ weak company, who have not a just discernment
 “ of true grandeur: and secondly, concerning ob-
 “ jects of a mixed nature, partly great, and partly
 “ mean, let us never turn the meanness into ridicule,
 “ without acknowledging what is truly great, and
 “ paying a just veneration to it.”

Another valuable purpose of ridicule is, with re-
 lation to smaller vices, which are often more ef-
 fectually corrected by it than by grave admonition :
 men have been laughed out of faults, which a sermon
 could not reform; nay, there are many little inde-
 cencies, which are, and cannot be properly men-
 tioned in such solemn discourses. Now, ridicule
 with contempt or ill-nature is indeed always irrita-
 ting and offensive; but we may, by testifying a just
 esteem for the good qualities of the person ridiculed,
 and our concern for his interests, let him see that
 our laughter at his weakness flows from our love for
 him, and then we may hope for its proving effi-
 cacious.

As to jests upon imperfections which one
 cannot amend, they are, I think, entirely useless.
 Men of sense have no relish for such jests: foolish
 trifling minds may be led by them to despise the
 truest merit, which is not exempted from the casual
 misfortunes of our mortal state. If these imper-
 fections

fections occur with a vicious character, against which people should be alarmed and cautioned, it is below a wise man to raise aversions to bad men from their necessary infirmities, when they have a juster handle from their vicious dispositions.

ANECDOTE
OF
MARGARET OF ANJOU.

IMMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry VI. his son and queen, (the illustrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbé Provost has given us so entertaining a history) afraid of trusting to any person's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and desarts, where they suffered all the extremity of distress, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal prisoners to make their escape. They had not proceeded far when they were met by another ruf-
fian,

fian, who approached them with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury in his aspect. On this occasion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of presence of mind and resolution. Taking her son by the hand, and assuming an air of confidence and majesty, "There, friend," said she, "save my son, the son of good King Henry." The robber was struck with the dignity and beauty of her person, as well as with the nature of her address. He happened to be one of those who had been outlawed for adhering to the cause of her husband. His savage heart was melted into compassion at the sight of his queen and prince in such deplorable distress. He comforted them with assurances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea-side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

THE TENDER POINT.

A MORAL TALE.

HARRY Greville, the third son of a gentleman of fortune in the north of England, was a student in the Temple, with a genteel allowance from

from his father. Having always had a strong relish for theatrical entertainments, and being an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespear, he was naturally driven, by an irresistible impulse, to Stratford, to be present at the jubilee in honour of his favourite bard. During his stay at Stratford, his eyes and his ears were sufficiently delighted: the latter were particularly feasted by the parts of the Commemoration Ode, which our Roscius recited in a masterly manner, more easily to be conceived than described.— Highly delighted, however, as he was with the festivities of the place, his transports upon the mirthful occasion were prodigiously increased by a little adventure which he met with as a man of gallantry.

Happening to sit by a fine young girl, apparently about nineteen, on the last day of the jubilee, he was so struck with her personal charms, that he could not help addressing some panegyrical speeches to her; but he addressed them with a delicate obliquity which prevented them from being the least offensive. So far, indeed, were they from being offensive to the young lady, that she received them with smiles evidently expressive of satisfaction; and those smiles encouraged him to throw additional spirit into his conversation, especially as he found by the answers which she very modestly returned, that her conversable talents were by no means contemptible. Fired
with

with her beauty, and in raptures at every syllable which dropped from her lovely lips, he “with
“greedy ear devoured up her discourse, and looked
“and sighed unutterable things.”

Miss Morley was, indeed, pretty nearly of the age Mr. Greville had supposed her to be: she was little more than nineteen, and very much admired by every body who beheld her. She was at Stratford under the protection of an aunt, who, by her behaviour to Harry, gave him no small reason to believe she was extremely well pleased with his attentions to her niece. Harry, in short, made himself so agreeable in Mrs. Barnard's eyes, that, on the day of her setting out for London, she gave him an invitation, a pressing one, to her apartments in Bond-street.

Mrs. Barnard was a gay widow of five and thirty; but no girl of fifteen had ever a higher relish for what is commonly called pleasure. She was lucky enough, with a fortune of five hundred pounds, to get a settlement of five hundred a year; in return for which, she broke her husband's heart in little more than a twelvemonth, by turning out totally different from the person to whom he made his addresses, and by committing several indiscretions, indiscretions which, as a man of nice sensibility, he could not overlook, but which he could not resent without

without exposing himself to the ridicule of the polite world; and he was utterly unable to stand firm against the laugh of those with whom from his genteel situation in life he associated. Mr. Barnard, being very much in love himself, fondly imagined, for want of penetration, during the delusive moments of courtship, that he was truly beloved; matrimony soon opened his eyes, and he was almost ready to tear them out of his head, before the honeymoon was over, for having so cruelly deceived him. From that time the matrimonial yoke grew less and less supportable; and the cutting reflections which rose every hour in his mind; very soon impaired his health. He could not unmarry himself; but he altered his will, that his wife might not, at his death, have a penny more than the sum which he had settled upon her.

Mrs. Barnard was extremely disappointed when the will was read, fully imagining that she should have been left a richer widow. Her first effusions upon this mortifying occasion were rather indecent. Some of her husband's relations, scandalized at the gross impropriety of her behaviour, severely reprehended her for it; but their reprehensions only excited her mirth. "Well," replied she, flouncing out of the room, "since the old fellow has left me
"no more than my jointure, I must make the most
"of it, that's all."

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnard's jointure, however, handsome as it was, by no means proved sufficient to support her in her favourite sphere of life: her income was in no proportion to her taste; so that finding her affairs in a short time pretty much embarrassed, she began to look out for another dupe to disentangle them. She was in this situation when Harry waited on her in town, in order to renew his addresses to Miss Morley.

Harry met with the reception from Mrs. Barnard which he had reason to expect from her: she was, indeed, remarkably polite in her behaviour to him, and as she had, previously, enquired into his family and connections, pleased herself not a little with the thoughts of getting off her niece, who began to be much in her way. She had taken her out of compassion to a sister of her's in the West of England, a widow, also encumbered with a large family, and in very narrow circumstances, when her affairs enabled her to be kind to her: but she now heartily wished to be rid of her almost at any rate.

Harry, quite satisfied with his reception, soon came to the point, by seriously asking Mrs. Barnard's permission to marry her niece; and she immediately gave him her consent without the least hesitation. "I shall think myself honoured, Sir," continued she, "by being allied to your family, and I will
 " venture

“ venture to answer for my niece’s readiness to be-
 “ come Mrs. Greville; I must, however, deal in-
 “ genuously with you: she has no fortune: her
 “ mother is utterly unable to give her a shilling;
 “ but as Fanny has always been an exceeding good
 “ girl, I shall certainly be her friend as much as it is
 “ in my power.”

By the latter part of the speech, Harry was in-
 duced to overlook the want of fortune in the idol of
 his heart. Dazzled by the widow’s appearance,
 which was in every respect elegant, genteel, and
 rather superb, he hastily concluded, that she was in
 affluent circumstances; and upon the strength of his
 false conclusions, he fixed a day for the celebration of
 his nuptials. With the naming of that day Mrs.
 Barnard was so well pleased, that she expressed her
 satisfaction in the strongest terms; Miss Morley
 modestly assented to it by a graceful motion of her
 head.

In the midst of his preparations for his wedding-
 day, Harry received an express from Greville-hall.
 His father was given over by the physicians who
 attended him, and he earnestly wished to see him
 with his other children.

In consequence of this hurrying summons he set
 off immediately.

On

On the evening of the third day after Harry's precipitate departure, Mrs. Barnard returned from Lady Rook's rout with such a diminution of her fortune, that she really alarmed Fanny, whom she had left at home indisposed with a cold, by her distracted behaviour. She walked up and down the room most violently agitated, wrung her hands, and ravingly cried several times, "I am ruined, abso-
lutely ruined."

The next morning she received a visit from Sir George Frampton, in whose company she had played the evening before; but not at the same table.

Sir George being a man who knew a great deal of the female world, and who was as artful as he was amorous, opened his mind with much ease and conciseness, "I have long had a prodigious passion
for Miss Morley, madam, and if you will favour
me with your assistance—You understand me,
I imagine—These notes," spreading out five
of an hundred each—"will be extremely at your
service."

Mrs. Barnard paused. Sir George immediately reckoned upon her assistance: when a woman deliberates upon such an occasion, she is certainly in a captivating condition.

After a short consultation, a mock marriage was agreed upon. Fanny, not having any partiality

lity for Mr. Greville, was easily persuaded to become Lady Frampton.

In less than a fortnight after the sham marriage of her niece, Mrs. Barnard surprised her one day at her new apartments, by appearing in tears, and by exclaiming bitterly against Sir George—"O Fanny! my dear Fanny," said she, "we have been shockingly deceived; Sir George is a villain. The person whom he employed to perform the ceremony was not a clergyman, but one of his libertine companions disguised."

Fanny instantly fainted. When she came to herself, Mrs. Barnard took an infinite deal of pains to comfort her; and to render her consolations the more efficacious, told her, they had nothing to do but to hush the matter up, and wait with patience for the return of Mr. Greville from the North. In cases of necessity there is no time for demurring: Fanny consented to impose upon Greville, by concealing the ill-treatment she had met with; but could not be prevailed on to stay in the apartments which Sir George had hired for her. Sir George made his appearance just when she was going to leave them; and she discovered a becoming resentment in her behaviour to him. Harry arrived at Greville-hall only time enough to receive his father's blessing: the good old man died in a few hours after his arrival.

Harry

Harry had great reason to be satisfied with the distribution of his father's fortune; but as there were many family affairs to be settled, he was obliged to remain with his brothers longer than he intended to stay with them, for his heart was in Bond-street.

As soon as he came to his chambers in the Temple, he found a card from the most intimate friend he had in the world.

“ Charles Bruton begs the favour of his old friend to call on him without delay, after the perusal of this card.”

Harry, though strongly prompted by love to make his first visit to Bond-street, was just at that moment more strongly urged by curiosity to stop in the Paper-Buildings before he proceeded to his mistress.

Charles, after having cordially embraced, intreated him with uncommon earnestness to give up all thoughts of Miss Morley.

So extraordinary a request, so abruptly delivered, threw Harry into astonishment; and he desired his friend, hastily, to explain the meaning of these words.

Charles, like a true friend, disclosed all he had heard, and from unquestionable authority, concerning the connection between Miss Morley and Sir George Frampton. Harry would not believe a syllable of the allegation against his Fanny. High words

words arose between them, and Harry set off for Bond-street, as fully convinced of the virtue of his mistress, as he was irritated against the credulity and impertinent officiousness of his friend.

His reception at Mrs. Barnard's gave him so much satisfaction, that when he returned to his chambers, he sent a challenge to his friend.

They met the next morning in Hyde-Park: Charles, having in vain endeavoured to reason with his adversary, fought, fell, and—died.

Harry, in a few days afterwards, was married to Miss Morley: but he in a very short time found out how grossly he had been imposed upon. To describe what he felt at that instant is impossible. His feelings must have been of the most torturing kind; but those feelings were of a short duration, for utterly unable to bear the ignominy which he had brought upon himself, and severely smarting for the murder of his friend, he shot himself through the head soon after the afflicting discovery.



ANECDOTE

OF

HARRY FIELDING.

IN the character of the late Harry Fielding, good-nature and philanthropy, in their extreme degree, were known to be the prominent features. The following anecdote of that second Timon, not of universal notoriety, is given in illustration of such his peculiar characteristic. This invoker of the Nine, in common with all the verse-making tribe who climb Parnassus' hill, had not the mines of Potosi at command. His receipts were never large, and his pocket was an open bank for distress and friendship at all times to draw on. Marked by such a liberality of mind, it is not to be wondered at, if he was frequently under pecuniary embarrassments. In one of these predicaments, his conduct was so truly social, so perfectly oblivious of self, that it ought to be recorded to his immortal honour, as exhibiting the proof dernier of friendship *inter homines*. Some parochial taxes for his house in Beaufort-Buildings being unpaid, and for which he had been demanded again and again, or, in the vulgar phrase, dunn'd *de die in diem*, he was at last given to

understand

understand by the collector, who had an esteem for him, that he could procrastinate the payment no longer. In this dilemma the author of *Tom Jones* called a counsel of his thoughts, to whom he should apply for a temporary accommodation on the pledge of the embryos of his own brain. Jacob Tonson was his resource on these occasions:—to him therefore he addressed himself, and mortgaged the coming sheets of some work then in hand. He received the cash—some ten or twelve guineas. Full freighted with this sum, he was returning home; when, lo! fate, in the guise of friendship, had determined to intercept him, and prevent his reaching his destination with his pecuniary cargo. In the Strand, within a few yards of his own house, he met an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years. Harry felt the enthusiasm of friendship; an hundred interrogations were put to him in a moment; as, Where had he been? Where was he going? How did he do? &c. &c. His friend told him, in reply, he had long been buffeting the waves of adverse fortune, but never could surmount them:

“ *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*”

The result may be anticipated. Fielding's glow of friendship led him to ask his quondam intimate

to take a dinner at the neighbouring tavern, to talk over old stories, and taste the Tuscan grape. The invitation was accepted—the viands were spread—the exhilarating juice appeared—and cares were given to the winds. The moments flew joyous, and unperceived; they both partook largely of “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.” In the course of their *tête à tête*, Fielding became acquainted with the state of his friend’s pocket. He emptied his own into it; and parted, a few periods before Aurora’s appearance, greater and happier than a monarch. Arrived at home, his sister, who waited his coming with the greatest anxiety, began to question him as to his cause for staying. Harry began to relate the felicitous rencontre—his sister Amelia tells him *the collector had called for the taxes twice that day*. This information let our worthy author down to earth again, after his elevation, in his own reflections, to the seventh heaven. His reply was laconic, but memorable: “Friendship has called for the money, and had it:—let the collector call again.” A second application to Tonson gave him the ability to satisfy the joint demands of the parish and his friend.

ON THE
SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

WHEN, gently swelling from the genial root,
The buds of balmy spring begin to shoot,
The eye, inquisitive, from day to day,
Observes the progress of the solar ray;
And, as the warmth and vernal airs inspire,
The leaf expanding glows with rich attire:
The insect tribes, upon its glossy vest,
Their hours of pastime o'er, return to rest,
Depose their eggs, in velvet safely lie,
And nature fully satiate, buzz, and die.

Thus we, poor actors, on this transient stage,
Pass a short interval from youth to age;
Can scarcely con our mortal lesson o'er,
Before we languish, sigh, and are no more.

BON MOT.

A Lawyer being very pleasant on one of the witnesses concerned in an action against a Lottery Office-keeper, saying, "Sir, the lottery business
" appears

“ appears to me to be very profitable ; I desire you
 “ will give me some insight into it, as I mean to
 “ commence lottery office-keeper myself.” The
 witness replied, “ The business is not so lucrative as
 ‘ your own, but equally as honest. You now cut a
 ‘ respectable figure, but, depend upon it, in the new
 ‘ business you would cut a ridiculous one.”

LORD ROBERT MANNERS,

DURING THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT, APRIL 12, 1782,

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS.

LORD Robert Manners was among the very
 first wounded on board his own ship the *Résolu-
 tion*. He was endeavouring to get to his cabin
 upon one leg, when he was perceived by a very stout
 man, stationed at the wheel, who instantly took him
 up in his arms and carried him into his cabin. Be-
 sides the loss of his leg, Lord Robert received some
 other wounds and contusions. Notwithstanding his
 maimed

maimed condition, he continued to issue his orders through the whole day, with as much composure as if he had been perfectly at his ease. This astonishing circumstance, however, will not surprise those who had the honour and happiness of knowing him. His behaviour in such extreme bodily pain, is a strong proof of the power of a firm and collected mind. After being engaged with several ships, he bore down on the *Ville de Paris*, at that time engaged with the *Barfleur*, Admiral Hood, and a 64, and soon after he got within gun-shot she struck. The *Compte de Grasse* in some degree kept up his fire to the last, for several of his cannon-shot struck the *Resolution* as she was coming on his quarter. From his Lordship's fortitude, composure, and excellent constitution, after some days, his recovery was not doubted of; when most unfortunately, a locked jaw came on, and he expired on board the *Andromache* frigate, having been about a fortnight on his passage home. His body was committed to the ocean. The not bringing it to England gave his noble relations great and just uneasiness.



DEFINITION OF WIT.

WIT by some persons is esteemed a lively imagination, fraught with images humorous and satirical, by others it is held to consist in a quickness of fancy, and a keenness of apprehension. But what is wit? that is the present question; to answer which, I would first observe, negatively, that it is not humour, it is not mirth, it is not a lively fancy, or quickness of apprehension, but it includes all of them; and, positively, that it is a brilliant thought happily expressed. Dryden defines it a propriety of thought and words, or thought and words elegantly adapted to the subject. Hence, then, it appears plainly to be an utter stranger to all obscenity, levity, and ill-nature. Mr. Locke describes it as consisting in the assembling of ideas together with quickness and variety, wherein may be found any resemblance or congruity, making up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Whence it is evidently no friend to personal satire, ridicule, or contumely; in a word, true wit includes all such pleasing observations and remarks as delight and surprise at the same time.

False

False wit is only another term for meanness, scurrility, and low humour; it too frequently lights on the defects of nature, or subjects of indecency, and generally betrays a shallow understanding, a degenerate taste, or a trifling spirit. A true wit is a man of genius, education, sentiment, and acuteness; and, so far from being severe on the natural failings of others, or giving the least encouragement to indelicacy or unmanly reflections, he always approves himself the friend of virtue, humanity, and good-breeding. According to Mr. Addison's opinion, "Good-sense is his father, Truth is his grandfather, and Mirth and Good-humour are his chosen companions."

To bring in a new subject, I have drawn a line.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE
FALSE PROMISES.

AN ESSAY.

=====

A False promise is a lie, and of the worst kind too. I presume no man is fond of being justly branded with the odious appellation of liar, and yet every man who pays no regard to his promises certainly deserves it; I will therefore propose that a law shall immediately take place to this effect: That every

every person who regards not his promises, or is not punctual in performing them, shall (so soon as he is found out) have a slip of white paper pasted upon the back of his coat, in the most conspicuous place, with the following motto written thereon in large capitals: I AM ONE OF THE KINGS OF THE LIARS. He shall be obliged to wear the same one month for every trivial offence, and a whole year for such promises as were attended with bad consequences. Or suppose, as government is now in want of cash, you know for what purpose, we should lay another tax upon the whole race of promise-breakers, and let L—d N---- be appointed receiver-general of all the money arising from such tax, and have under him deputies appointed, one for every town in Europe.

Troth, Sir, I think this is no bad scheme, since, in the first place, it would shame numbers into *some* principle, who at present have *none*. In the next place, P--t would have no occasion to devise methods for raising new taxes, for I think a supply might by this means be obtained sufficient to hire mercenaries to cut a million of throats. But perhaps to this my scheme you will make one objection, viz. suppose the receiver-general should break his promise, to whom shall he pay his fine.—Oh, Sir, this is not difficult—let him be obliged to condescend to pay

pay it himself into the hands of one of the deputies, and the mortification may serve as some punishment.

Well but, Sir, if you do not chuse to adopt my plan for curing those who break their promises, yet I hope you will be kind enough to tell them that they must hereafter be answerable for their conduct, and perhaps in such a manner as they now least think of.

It is the peculiar property of the devil to deceive with false promises; what else induced our first parents to eat of the forbidden fruit, but a false promise that they should become as gods, knowing good and evil? In what manner does the devil continue to gain servants, but by false promises? What man would even run into sin, unless he were persuaded that he should find some pleasure or advantage therefrom? And does not the devil promise him, that he shall enjoy just what he wishes for or expects? Whereas it is evident, at the same time, that this promise is a most deceitful lie. In short, it is not common for the devil to make very large and advantageous promises? But did you ever know him perform any of them? Whosoever thou art, then, that thus imitatest the devil, thou art not far from being a second devil. Remember, therefore, ere it be too late, from whence thou art fallen, and repent; promise no more, for the future, than thou
art

art able to perform, and be punctual in the performance thereof.

In the common concerns of life, the false promises made to the fair sex are the most unpardonable, because they very often tend to their ruin. Let, therefore, the lawless libertine be ashamed of his conduct, unless he can make it appear that it is laudable to ruin those who sue unto us for protection. Let him likewise consider, that whilst he is thus delighting in the destruction of those whom God and nature intended that he should preserve, protect, and defend, he is most effectually ruining himself; for shall not he, in some measure, be answerable for those crimes which he induced them to commit? If thou art not able to answer for thy own sins, how shalt thou be able to answer for those which thou hast caused others to commit? If, therefore, thou wilt indulge thyself in lawless sallies, only for the sake of momentary gratifications, yet remember that for all this God will one day bring thee into judgment.



ANECDOTE

OF AN

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the whole village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocking at the door, a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar, "can you give me a lodging for one night?"—"Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, "you will have but poor fare
here:

' here: you are come at an unlucky time: my wife
 ' is in labour; her cries will not let you sleep: but
 ' come in, come in; you will at least be sheltered
 ' from the cold; and such as we have you shall be
 ' welcome to.'—The peasant then made the Czar
 enter a little room, full of children: in a cradle were
 two infants sleeping soundly; a girl, three years old,
 was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two
 sisters, the one five years old, and the other seven,
 were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for
 their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and
 whose plaints and groans were distinctly heard.—
 ' Stay here,' said the peasant to the Emperor, ' I
 ' will go and get something for your supper.' He
 went out, and soon returned with some black bread,
 eggs, and honey.—' You see all I can give you,'
 said the peasant; ' partake of it with my children.
 ' I must go and assist my wife.'—" Your charity,
 " your hospitality," said the Czar, " must bring
 " down blessings upon your house: I am sure God
 " will reward your goodness."—" Pray to God, my
 ' good friend,' replied the peasant, ' pray to God
 ' ALMIGHTY, that she may have a safe delivery:
 ' that is all I wish for.'—" And is that all you wish
 " to make you happy?"—" Happy! judge for your-
 ' self. I have five fine children, a dear wife that
 ' loves me, a father and mother, all in good health;
 ' and

‘and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all.’
 “Do your father and mother live with you?”—
 ‘Certainly; they are in the next room with my wife.’—“But your cottage here is so very small!”
 —‘It is large enough; it can hold us all.’—The good peasant then went to his wife, who, an hour after, was happily delivered. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar: ‘Look,’ said he, ‘look; this is the sixth she has brought me! What a fine hearty child he is! May God preserve him, as he has done my others!’ The Czar, sensibly affected at this scene, took the child in his arms: “I know,” said he, “from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite fortunate: he will arrive, I am certain, at great preferment.”—The peasant smiled at this prediction; and at that instant the two eldest girls came to kiss their new born-brother, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment, the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked round, and contemplated every thing with an eye of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage. “What a happy calm! What delightful

“lightful

“lightful tranquillity!” said the Emperor: “Avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!” In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of all the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at break of day; and his guest, taking leave of him, said, “I must return to Moscow, my friend: I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening: I will be back in three hours at farthest.” The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but in the good-nature of his heart, he consented, however, to the stranger’s request. The Czar immediately took his leave: the three hours were soon gone; and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard, on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the Imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by: they all run out in a hurry, and stood
before

before the door. The horsemen and carriages formed a circular line; and, at last, the state-coach of the Czar stopped opposite the good peasant's door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach-door was opened; the Czar alighted; and, advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I
 "promised you a godfather; I am come to fulfil
 "my promise; give me your child, and follow me
 "to church."—The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the Emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to a crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger, who had lain ill with him all night upon straw. The Emperor, for some moments, silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: "Yesterday *you* performed the duties of humanity: to-day
 "I am come to discharge the most delightful duty
 "of a sovereign, that of recompensing VIRTUE. I
 "shall not remove you from a situation to which
 "you do so much honour, and the innocence and
 "tranquillity of which I envy: but I will bestow
 "upon you such things as may be useful to you.
 "You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures,
 "and

“and a house that will enable you to exercise the
 “duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your new-
 “born child shall become my ward; for you may
 “remember,” continued the Emperor, smiling,
 “that I prophesied he would be fortunate.”—The
 good peasant could not speak; but, with tears of
 grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to
 fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and
 laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent
 sovereign was quite affected: he took the child in
 his arms, and carried him himself to church; and,
 after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive
 him of his mother’s milk, he took him back to the
 cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him
 as soon as he could be weaned. The Czar faith-
 fully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be
 educated in his palace, provided amply for his future
 settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap
 favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

A PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

A Virtuous young Emperor, very much affected
 to find his actions misconstrued and defamed
 by a party among his subjects, who favoured ano-

ther interest, while he was one day sitting among the ministers of his divan, and amusing himself, after the eastern manner, with the solution of difficult problems and enigmas, proposed to them, in his turn, the following one: "What is the tree that bears 365 leaves, which are all black on the one side, and white on the other?" His grand-vizier immediately replied, 'It was the year which consisted of 365 days and nights: but, sir,' continued he, 'permit me, at the same time, to take notice, that those leaves represent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to those who are resolved to look upon the wrong side of them.'

AN ODD ANECDOTE

OF AN

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

EDWARD Howard, Earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to versify, and some derangement of his intellects, was so unlucky as not to have his *furor* of the true poetic sort. A gentleman, on his first appearance as an author, was sent for by this lord

lord to his house. His lordship told him, that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that having the misfortune to be of the same name with the Honourable Edward Howard, so much ridiculed in the last age, no printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore desired the gentleman to recommend to some of the profession of his acquaintance. The gentleman excused himself as well as he could: the Earl then began to read some of his verses, but coming to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, "I am not like most poets, sir; I do not draw from ideal mistresses, I always have my subject before me." Then ringing his bell, he said to a footman, "call up *fine eyes*." A woman of the town appeared. "*Fine eyes*," said the Earl, "look full on this gentleman:" she did so, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed the respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pen.



THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

A MORAL TALE.

AMONG the numerous heroes of antiquity, whose names have been buried in oblivion for want of a poet or an historian to transmit them to posterity, Alcander and Cephisus are certainly to be classed. They were (according to the manuscript from which the following history is extracted) Athenians of a good family, and brothers: esteemed for their private, still more for their public virtues, which prompted them, upon every occasion, to shew their patriotism with their tongues, or their swords. With the latter they nobly distinguished themselves under the command of Miltiades, in the battle of Marathon; but as no historian has thought proper to take notice of their military achievements, dazzled by the superior lustre of the general himself, those achievements have not been recorded in the manner they merited. Luckily, however, some account of these brothers is preserved in the annals of an obscure Grecian writer, by whom their martial behaviour in the above-mentioned battle is highly extolled, and a few curious anecdotes, with regard to their private characters, are introduced, which will
afford

afford more entertainment, perhaps, to the readers of them, than a long detail of the wounds they gave, or the wounds they received, while they were bravely hazarding their lives in the pure spirit of patriotism, with a true love for their country.

Alcander and Cephifus were both amiable, but there were feveral traits in their difpofitions which ferved to make them appear diftinct characters. Their perfons were ftriking, their manners were polished, their eloquence was perfuafive, and their courage was unqueftioned: but they were of tempers diametrically oppofite. Alcander, free, open, and unreferved, thought every body as fincere as himfelf, and was confequently often deceived in his commerce with the world. Cephifus, on the other hand, by having made more obfervations on mankind than his brother, was full of fufpicions, and of courfe more upon his guard: he wrapped himfelf up in his own virtue, and as he had no fort of inclination to injure others in any fhape whatever, he did all in his power to prevent others from injuring him: and as his private fufpicions only led him to be thus armed with circumfpection in his public dealings, they could not be deemed cenfurable. Men who difcover no doubts concerning the honour and integrity of thofe with whom they have any tranfactions, will, indeed, be more popular characters;

ters; they will be laughed at too, perhaps, for dupes; but they will be loved at the same time for good-natured creatures, who are only enemies to themselves.

No two brothers ever lived more happily together than Alcander and Cephifus: a fraternal affection, like that subsisting between them, was a proverbial expression; and as for the opposition discernible in their tempers, it proved, on many occasions, serviceable to them: the unjust suspicions of Cephifus were, sometimes, happily corrected by Alcander, and the excessive credulity of Alcander was as happily corrected by Cephifus; so that there was a perfect agreement between them upon the whole; and a few home-bred discords, like those in music, did but contribute to render their domestic harmony more complete.

As these brothers had often distinguished themselves by their valour in the field, as well as by their elocution in the senate; they were greatly esteemed by Miltiades, and they gave him particular pleasure by the eagerness which they shewed to accompany him in his expedition against Xerxes; an expedition which proved as honourable to himself, as it was inglorious to the haughty, over-bearing monarch that opposed him; imagining, with all the false spirit and real insolence of a Drawcanfir, from the
superiority

superiority of his military force, that he should certainly conquer those against whom he dared to lead his unwieldy armies. If royal ambition did not now and then receive very mortifying disappointments, the world would be full of carnage and desolation: but fortunately, when a king discovers too great a propensity to be a scourge than a blessing to his subjects, Providence enables them, at some time or other, and in some shape, to throw off the yoke which is too heavy for them to bear.—Happily for us, our sovereign is not of a sanguinary disposition; he is willing to rule us with the sceptre of peace.—But to return to the two brothers.

Doubly animated by the pleasure which Miltiades expressed at their alacrity, when they heard of his being appointed to check the career of the Persian king, glorying in his strength, and supposing him invincible, they prepared for their departure from Athens without delay; and, without being in the least intimidated by the magnified accounts of the Persian army, attended their general.

Every school-boy knows that Miltiades gained a victory over Xerxes in the plains of Marathon; a victory particularly brilliant, as he had only ten thousand to oppose six hundred thousand; it is, of course, unnecessary to enter into minutiae relating to the battle which redounded so much to his own honour,

honour, and to the glory of his countrymen: but every body is not acquainted with the share which Alcander and Cephifus had in it.—They fought with the ferocity of lions, fide by fide, and exhibited the moft indubitable proofs of their powers. Their valorous feats procured them the higheft commendation from their fucceffful general; but he was uncommonly touched by the noble behaviour of Cephifus, who, feeing himfelf feparated from his brother, during the bloody conflict, by a body of Perfians, by whom he was carried away their prifoner, immediately determined to refcue him out of their hands, or perifh in the attempt. Stimulated by his fraternal affection as well as martial ardour, he followed the flying corps, pushed into the thickeft part of them, with a few young Athenians, who generoufly offered their affiftance, and, after a fevere engagement with them, relieved Alcander. Alcander, perceiving his brother advance, greatly facilitated the execution of his affectionate defign by the exertion of his own ftrength and addrefs; but the heroifm of Cephifus was not, however, by that exertion, diminished. The fcene betwixt the two brothers, in confequence of their meeting again after a fhort feparation, was very pathetic. Miltiades himfelf, when he heard of the tears which they mingled with their embraces, could hardly refrain
from

from weeping, so powerfully did he feel, by the force of sympathy, the pleasure—exquisite almost to pain, which they felt by their animated interview upon their being at liberty to display new proofs of their patriotic zeal.

Soon after this junction between the two brothers, Alcander and Cephifus were warmly employed in two parts of the field of battle with some of the best troops in the Persian army. Alcander was so fortunate with his little corps, that he put his adversaries to flight, and took a lady, who had accompanied the commanding officer, prisoner.

Alcander was very much pleased with having routed any part of that army by which Xerxes, presuming upon numbers, thought, no doubt, in the pride of his heart, that the Greeks, who were daring enough to appear in arms against him, would be all cut to pieces: he was additionally pleased with the capture he had made. With the beauty of Celimene, indeed, he was transported to such a degree that he could not mention her without having recourse to the most rapturous expressions. So happy a mixture of beauty and grâcé, of dignity and ease, he had not, even among his own country-women, ever seen before; and as he was of an amorous complexion, her personal charms operated upon him in a violent manner. To increase the transports which
he

he felt upon the occasion, he beheld in her rather a satisfaction than a concern at her captivity. This seeming paradox must be explained.

Celimene, the only daughter of a man in a very humble sphere, was all his comfort: he loved her with an unusual share of parental affection, and her behaviour to him, from her earliest infancy, left him no room to question the sincerity of her filial attachment to him. Her whole study, indeed, was to make her father's life happy, and she succeeded so well, that he derived from her dutiful attentions much the greatest part of the rural felicity which he enjoyed in his lowly cottage, respected by all who knew his worth (though doomed by fortune to labour for a subsistence) for the innocence of his life, and the integrity of his conduct. The birth of his daughter gave the poor peasant small pleasure, as he had wished for a son, and as her mother died in bringing her into the world; but as she grew up, she not only rendered herself perfectly agreeable, she made herself also really useful to him. As ~~she~~ ^{he} was exceedingly handsome, however, he sometimes sighed to think of the temptations to which she would be exposed, should he be snatched suddenly from her by the omnipotent arm of death; but he drew consolation on the other hand, from the discretion which she discovered in all her actions, and from
her

her never appearing to be censurably conscious of her beauty ; so that he was, upon the whole, more inclined to believe, that she would be always governed by prudence, than do any thing to blast her honour. To those among the libertines of the age who happen to dip into this artless tale, this passage may, perhaps, afford merriment, and prompt them to be as witty as they can upon the honour of a country girl ; but such a girl has surely a character to support as well as the daughter of a peer ; and if every female, both in high and low life, would look upon a good name as the immediate jewel of their souls,

. . . . “ Men would adore them,
 “ And all the business of their lives be loving.”

Thoroughly happy in her humble situation, Celimene, though she had been often tempted by some of the licentious men of fashion in her father's neighbourhood, to put them in possession of her beauty, upon their own terms, would never make any deviations from the paths of virtue, in which her father had laudably trained her. Never dazzled by the splendour of their offers, she rejected them all with a commendable disdain ; and by so doing she rendered her dishonourable admirers almost mad with vexation and pride ; but she, at the same time,

shone

shone with redoubled lustre in the eyes of all those who consider the union between beauty and virtue in a female form, as “ a consummation devoutly to “ be wished:” for without that union, the man who takes a Venus to his arms, may be justly apprehensive of every young Mars who comes in his way.

On his march with the Persian troops under his command towards the plains of Marathon, Harpagus could not, without deviating unnecessarily from the direct road, avoid passing within sight of that cottage in which the above-mentioned beauty lived in a state of the purest simplicity. The sight of this cottage would have been no object of this general’s attention, had he not beheld, at the entrance of it, a female figure, the most alluring, in spite of the rusticity of her attire, which he had ever met with. The meanness of her dress could not divest her person of the power of striking whenever it appeared. Harpagus felt its force to such a degree that he could not restrain himself from halting, in order to solicit her company in his expedition.

Celimene, happening at that moment to be quite alone, and waiting impatiently for the return of her father from the nearest city, on whose account she endured no small uneasiness, fearful of his having been detained from his homely, but happy dwelling, by some disagreeable accident, was very much embarrassed

barrassed and confused at the approach of a fine young fellow, extremely pleasing in his person, and by his habiliments evidently a man of importance in the Persian army. The nearer he approached, the greater was her confusion; her eyes were so powerfully attracted at the same time by the pompousness of his appearance, that she had not sufficient presence of mind to retire, in order to shun an interview which she dreaded. Harpagus, having advanced near enough to take a very accurate survey of her personal charms, was still more inflamed than he had been by a distant view of them, and, with all the politeness of a satrap, made her an offer which few English girls in her situation would have refused: nor would she have rejected them, had her admirer given her reason to believe that his generosity proceeded from the most disinterested motives. As soon as she found that his magnificent offers were only intended as a bribe to seduce her from the paths of virtue, she felt her soul superior to all his glittering temptations, and fled from his presence. Impelled by love—or rather by a passion which deserves not that name—he followed; and perceiving, with the utmost pleasure, that there was not a creature except herself in the cottage, he forced her from it, regardless of her intreaties and her prayer, doubly affecting by the tears with which they were accompanied.

accompanied. By this compulsive mode of acting, he gained her for a companion in his march; but he had taken the worst way imaginable to gain her heart. She conceived, indeed, from the brutality of his behaviour, (the politest men act the brutes in some situations) such an aversion for him, that she felt joy springing up in her bosom on her being made prisoner by Alcander. That joy was greatly increased by his carriage to her; for with as much politeness in his manners as her Persian lover had discovered, he shewed himself to be a man of a very different turn, a turn which prevented her from being alarmed on account of her virtue. Alcander, indeed, was not less sensible of her personal attractions than Harpagus had been; but as he had no dishonourable points to carry, his deportment, if not so insinuating as that of her Persian admirer, was far more satisfactory.

Celimene, transported to find in her deliverer (for in that light she looked upon Alcander) a man who, while he appeared transported with her beauty, behaved also with a respectfulness which seemed to arise from the operation of a laudable passion, and not assumed with a design to draw her into a criminal connection, felt herself as happy as she could be in a state of separation from a father whom she loved with the sincerest filial affection; and her Grecian lover

lover made her still more happy, by assuring her that he would do all in his power, on his return to Athens, to find him out, that he might partake of the felicity which he promised himself by her acceptance of his hand, heart, and fortune.

Soon after this event, Cephisus, having received dispatches from Athens, relating to the unexpected conduct of a man in whom he had—presuming too much upon his insight into characters—placed too much confidence, begged leave of Miltiades to withdraw himself from the camp; and his request was readily granted. As a soldier, indeed, he removed himself not without some reluctance; but as he had sufficiently proved his valour against the enemies of his country, he was willing to hope that the deeds he had done would preclude any constructions, upon his sudden return to Athens, injurious to his military reputation.

It was not, however, on account of such constructions only, that he felt disquiet at his being summoned from the field of war, to make his appearance in the field of litigation. At the moment he saw his brother's beautiful captive, he felt an unusual commotion in his breast; and as that commotion grew more violent every time he beheld her, he not only began to wish to have her in his own possession, but to lay schemes for the gratification of
his

his amorous desires. His bosom no longer throbbed with that kind of fraternal love, by which it had before been animated. Celimene's beauties, beyond expression, and not to be resisted, separated the brother from the man, and he now, in the character of a rival, thought of nothing but how to win the heart of the Persian prisoner, how to get her person into his power. His efforts to win were seducing, but they were unsuccessful: she had no eyes, no ears for Alcander; and he, transported at the double conquest he had gained, undesignedly, because unsuspectingly, increased the flame which love had kindled in his brother's breast by his rapturous effusions. Fortunately, as Cephisus thought, while he was preparing to return to his native city, Celimene was attacked with a disorder which, though not of an alarming nature, had such an effect upon her spirits, that Alcander imagined she would be more happily situated, at that time, with some of his female relations at Athens, than with him, amidst the clamours and bustle of a camp, and therefore proposed to her a removal with Cephisus; and she, having no objection to him as a fellow-traveller, with the more readiness consented, as Alcander assured her, repeatedly, that he would follow her as soon as he possibly could, without fixing a stain upon his honour as a soldier, and complete the

happiness

happiness he had already enjoyed with her, by attending her to the Temple of Hymen.

Having no suspicions with regard to his brother's passion for Celimene, and having the highest idea of his integrity in every respect; he committed her to his care with the greatest satisfaction. Their adieus were the tenderest to be conceived, and the feelings of Celimene upon the occasion may be more easily imagined than described.

Celimene, with her head and her heart full of Alcander, paid little attention to Cephisus during her journey under his protection, but behaved to him with a proper civility whenever he addressed himself to her. Many were the compliments which he paid to her beauty, though directed to her in the most artful manner; but she was not sufficiently moved by them, to inspire him with any hopes of her changing the object of her affection in his favour. The first accounts which Alcander received from Cephisus relating to Celimene, were very pleasing, as they informed him of the full recovery of her health: but he soon received others of a disagreeable nature. Cephisus, though he had vainly endeavoured to alienate Celimene's affections from his brother during her journey, did not entirely give up all hopes of success after his arrival at Athens; but finding all his efforts ineffectual, he at last de-

s

termined

terminated to render her an object of detestation in the eyes of Alcander, who would not look upon himself in the wished-for light: accordingly he sent from time to time intelligence to his brother, concerning her behaviour, which made him extremely uneasy, as it gave him too much reason to suspect her fidelity to him. Not willing, however, to credit the information he received from Athens, relating to her conduct, he procured permission of Miltiades to return, and set out from the Grecian camp in a state of mind not easily to be expressed.

Cephisus, having been apprised of Alcander's departure from the army, prepared new forgeries against Celimene, and with them in his hand received him on his approach to his own house, without giving himself time to change his military dress.

"If you have any doubts remaining," said he to him, "concerning Celimene's inconstancy, these papers (presenting them to him) will confirm all I have advanced—with the greatest reluctance you may be assured,—(added he, with an affected sorrow) as I have taken no small pains to convince her of the ingratitude of her behaviour." Alcander at first started back, as if fearful of receiving a confirmation of what his brother had, in successive dispatches, urged against the idol of his heart; but at length, from a desire to be thoroughly convinced of

of

of her inconstancy, before he totally abandoned her, he took the papers which related to her, read them, and was almost distracted with the perusal. After having lamented the desertion of the first woman for whom he had felt the tenderest of sensations, he accompanied his brother to the place where Celimene, he said, entirely regardless of him, was engaged with her new lover; and he saw her there, indeed, with a nobleman who was, he knew, remarkable for his dishonourable connections with the fair sex. Almost petrified at the sight, he could not at first utter a syllable. When he recovered himself a little, he left the spot overwhelmed with grief, as he really loved her to an extreme.

To his unspeakable astonishment, soon after he returned to his own house, the noble Athenian, whom he had seen with his fair captive, made him a visit, and after having told him he was the happiest man in Athens, to be loved by such a woman as Celimene, gave him so favourable an account of her behaviour, and made such discoveries with regard to the conduct of Cephissus, that he was at once charmed with the constancy of his mistress, and shocked at the more than duplicity, the infamous attempts of his brother to seduce her from the paths of honour especially as he knew that she was, though not actually, yet virtually his wife. By the discoveries

which Arcas made, Alcander found that Cephifus, not being able to prevail on Celimene to be false, had thrown him in her way, at a time when he thought his interview with her would have the most fufpicious appearance: but he, to his great fatisfaction, found alfo that Arcas, being ftruck at the firmnefs of her carriage to him, upon his taking fteps not to be juftified by the rules of honour, had repented of the infolence of his deportment, and revering that virtue which he could not fhake, had refolved to make a free confeffion of his own precipitation, in confequence of the encouragement he had received from the difappointed Cephifus.

Reftored to all his former tranquillity by this unexpected vifit, Alcander haftened to the place which he had not long before quitted, truly diftrefsed.

Celimene, upon his appearance, (for ſhe had not ſeen him till then, as he was concealed in another apartment) flew to his arms, in a manner which convinced him that all the ſtories he had heard againſt her were void of truth; and he embraced her moſt tenderly in return. The firſt effuſions between them were ſcarcely articulate.

Upon ſuch occaſions, however, the language of love, if it is not intelligible, is exquisitely delightful. It would be needleſs, ſurely, to add, that after this happy meeting, Alcander and Celimene had their
felicity

felicity compleated by Hymen. They were indeed, in a few days, united by the strongest bands, and they did not, during a long union, ever wish to break them.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE SETTING SUN.

PARENT of Beauty! oft as I behold
 The veil of evening thy resplendence shroud,
 See thee empurple yon flow-failing cloud,
 And o'er the ocean show'r a paler gold;

And from this height discern a deeper hue
 Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linnets' stay,
 Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,
 And mark the rock-rose droop beneath the dew.

The grandeur of *his* powerful hand I own,
 Who clothes in amber light thy morning-throne,
 And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine:
 But when from western skies thy beauty flows,
 His mercy in thy soften'd splendour glows,
 And fills my pensive soul with love divine!

TIME.

TIME.

HOW speedily will the consummation of all things commence! for yet a very little while, and the commissioned Arch-Angel lifts up his hand to heaven, and swears by the ALMIGHTY name, that "*Time shall be no longer.*" Then abused opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then should negligent mortals wish ever so passionately for a few hours,—a few moments only,—to be thrown back from the opening eternity; thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

A wise man counts his minutes. He lets no time slip, for time is life; which he makes long, by the good husbandry, by a right use, and application of it.

"Make the most of your minutes," says Aurelius, "and be good for something while you can."

Know the true value of time, snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

We should read over our lives as well as books; take a survey of our actions, and make an inspection into the division of our time. King Alfred (that truly

truly great and wise monarch) is recorded to have divided the day and night into three parts: eight hours he allotted to eat and sleep in, eight for business and recreation, and eight he dedicated to study and prayer.

To come but once into the world, and trifle away our right use of it, making that a burthen which was given for a blessing, is strange infatuation.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst; for which we must all account, when time shall be no more. There is but little need to drive away that time by foolish divertisements, which flies away so swiftly of itself, and, when once gone, can never be recalled.

An idle person is a kind of monster in the creation; all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themselves. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better.

Should the greatest part of the people sit down, and draw a particular account of their time, what a shameful

shameful bill would it be! So much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much for gaming, plays, and masquerades; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits, in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbours; so much in dressing and talking of fashions; and so much lost and wasted in doing nothing.

There is no man but hath a soul; and, if he will look carefully to that, he need not complain for want of business. Where there are so many corruptions to mortify, so many inclinations to watch over, so many temptations to resist, the graces of God to improve, and former neglects of all these to lament, sure he can never want sufficient employment. For all these require time, and so men at their death find; for those who have lived carelessly, and wasted their time, would then give their all to redeem it.

It was a memorable practice of Vespasian, through the whole course of his life, he called himself to an account every night for the actions of the past day, and so often as he found he had skipped any one day without doing some good, he entered upon his diary this memorial, "*I have lost a day.*"

If

If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world,—but yet not a full one;—for even this would be such an œconomy, as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

Time is one of the most precious jewels which we possess; but its true value is seldom known till it is near a close, and when it is not in our power to redeem it. The right improvement of time is of the greatest consequence to mankind. The present moment is only ours. The present moment calls for dispatch; and, if neglected, it is a great chance if ever we get another opportunity. To-day we live, to-morrow we may die. Besides, we have a great work to do, and an appointed time in which it must be done. The uncertainty of this time adds much to its brevity; the velocity of it urges its improvements the more. Seneca observes, “ We all
“ complain of the shortness of time, but spend it in
“ such a manner as if we had too much.”

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use which has been made of it. It is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals!

prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make time glide away imperceptibly, and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt.

ANECDOTE

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE Doctor, having inadvertently paid an hackney-coachman a guinea instead of a shilling, and, with great consistency, forgot to take the number of the coach, was obliged to apply to the fraternity of the whip about Temple-Bar, to find the coachman again, by the description of his person. The fellow being well known, the Doctor had soon the satisfaction to be informed he was a very honest man, and would certainly return the guinea, if he knew where to find him. "Well," says the Doctor, "I am going to dine at the Devil with my friend Dr. Johnson and Mr. Stevens: if

" he

“ he should come before six o’clock, send him to “ me.” The Doctor went to dinner, and before the cloth was taken away, the waiter informed him the coachman was below stairs with his guinea. On this information, the Doctor largely descanted on the singular honesty of the fellow, and the expediency of his being properly rewarded for it. This drew a voluntary subscription from the company of about nine shillings; which the Doctor took down to the coachman, putting it into his hand with many encomiums on his honesty; at the same time receiving the guinea from the coachman, which he slipped into his pocket; on turning to go up stairs, however, the honest hack-driver modestly reminded his honour, that he was not paid his fare; very arithmetically conceiving, that the nine shillings being given as a reward for his honesty, his fare was not included. “ Right,” cries the Doctor; “ there is “ a shilling for thee, my lad.”—“ God bless your ‘ honour,’ returned John; ‘ I see you know how ‘ to consider a poor man.’ Then artfully dropping, that, though poor, he was honest; yet, God knew, he had a wife and four children; concluding with a hint on family sickness, and the dearth of provisions: this melted the Doctor, and drew another half-crown from his pocket, which he gave him, desiring he would then go about his business, lest he

he should take the silver back again, and return him the whole guinea. On this hint, the coachman declared himself fully satisfied; and with many scrapes and bows took his leave. The Doctor returned to his company, exulting to think he had met with so favourable an opportunity to reward honesty, and to indulge his natural propensity to benevolence. The company renewed their encomiums, both on the coachman and the Doctor; but with what propriety, was discovered, when, the reckoning being called for, the Doctor pulled out the guinea to discharge his quota; not, indeed, the identical guinea the Doctor gave the coachman, but the guinea the coachman gave the Doctor, which, being of silver gilt, was worth just eight-pence halfpenny.

ANECDOTE OF DENNIS.

THE extravagant and enthusiastick opinion Dennis had of the merit and importance of his tragedy, called *Liberty Asserted*, cannot be more properly evinced, than by the following anecdote: He imagined there were some strokes in it so severe upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven;

forgiven; and consequently, that Louis XIV. would not consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up as a sacrifice to national resentment. Nay, so far did he carry this apprehension, that, when the Congress for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited upon the Duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his interest with the Plenipotentiaries, that they should not consent to his being given up. The Duke, however, with great gravity, told him, "That he was sorry it was not in his power to serve him, as he really had no interest with any of the Ministers at that time;" but added, that he fancied his case not to be quite so desperate as he seemed to imagine; for that indeed, he had taken no care to get himself excepted in the articles of peace; and yet he could not help thinking, that he had done the French almost as much damage as Mr. Dennis himself.—Another effect of this apprehension prevailing with him, is told as follows:—That being invited down to a gentleman's house on the coast of Suffex, where he had been very kindly entertained for some time, as he was one day walking near the beach, he saw a ship sailing, as he imagined, toward him: on which, taking it into his head that he was betrayed, he immediately made the best of his way to London, without even taking leave of his

his host, who had been so civil to him; but, on the contrary, proclaimed him to every body as a traitor, who had decoyed him down to his house only in order to give notice to the French, who had fitted out a vessel on purpose to carry him off, if he had not luckily discovered their design.

EPISTLE

FROM

MATTHEW SHORE TO JANE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BEFORE HE LEFT THE KINGDOM.

TO thee, my fair, whom now the court attends,
 Thy mournful, sad, distracted husband sends;
 Oh! on his tears, that drop at every word,
 Some pity let his gentle Jane afford;
 Before he quite despair, assuage his pain,
 Nor let him sigh, nor let him pray in vain.
Wainstead! dear name, that to my mem'ry brings
 A thousand soft, a thousand tender things;
 Thy virgin smiles, thy dear resistless grace,
 And all the wounding sweetness of thy face;
 Those happy times of kind enjoyment past,
 Which once I vainly thought would ever last:

What

What cruel fiend, to all our peace a foe,
 In death delighting, proud to overthrow,
 Could tempt thee to forget thy rightful lord,
 And fall in vices you so late abhorr'd?

Alas! 'twas dazzling pomp subdu'd thy fears,
 Thy struggling virtue, and thy conscious tears.

But when I led thee to the sacred shrine,
 And every holy vow confirm'd thee mine,
 Then all around us could dire omens see,
 But I was blind to every thing but thee:
 Our kindred's vault sent forth a mournful sound!
 Thrice dropt the nuptial ring, and ran along the
 ground!

Pale priests aghast the sweating rood survey'd!
 And every look unusual fears betray'd;
 A sudden gloom o'er-shadow'd all the place,
 And tears amidst my joy profan'd my face.

This saw our friends, who all prefer'd this prayer,
 "Heav'n shield from future woes the tender pair."

But ah! that pray'r could ne'er the clouds surpass,
 The winds dispers'd it, or the skies were brass;
 For all the storms these portents cou'd foretell,
 Burst o'er my head, and sorrows daily swell:

Raving I see thee plac'd to shine above,
 With smiles reflecting EDWARD's guilty love;
 Myself, while thee such pageantry surrounds,
 Forgot, tho' bleeding at a thousand wounds;

And

And these reflections make me loath the light
 That cheers the day, the watches of the night.
 In fruitless sighs and silent thought I spend,
 For Somnus never shall my soul befriend;
 But when his downy wings are o'er me spread,
 Vain dreams inhabit my disorder'd head :
 Stretch'd on a bank of flow'rs methinks I lie
 In calm repose, beneath a purple sky ;
 No noise is heard, no rude re-murmuring rill,
 The woods' wild race, and all the winds are still ;
 'Tis then some flute (far off) awakes my pain,
 While soft and sweet is sung this pleasing strain :
 (My lovely JANE advancing to my side,
 Her charms all swelling to their native pride,
 Her graceful locks and garments all unloos'd,
 Her breasts, and every wond'rous charm, expos'd)
 " Lift up thy streaming eyes, now cease to mourn,
 " Behold thy fondest wish—thy JANE, return ;
 " Her the kind Gods on thee again bestows,
 " To crown thy mighty love, and end thy woes."

The golden dream my joyful soul deceives,
 And for one kind embrace a thousand lives I'd give,
 Elate I strive to catch my beauteous fair,
 But ah ! I grasp uncórporeal air ;
 Then swells my heart, and pain obstructs my breath,
 I wake to weep, and wish in vain for death ;

I rise,

I rise, and wandering seek to find relief,
 Mourn to the winds, and tell the stars my grief.
 O! then my Wife, the softest, dearest name
 A feeling heart can give, or love can claim,
 Hear me complain, for once my sorrow know,
 And feel my wrongs, for 'tis a debt you owe;
 For you, my fair, whenever you complain'd,
 These arms enfolded, and this breast sustain'd;
 The rugged road of life for you I smooth'd,
 Drank all your tears, your griefs with kisses sooth'd,
 Your gentle soul to peaceful slumbers sung,
 And o'er your sleep with watchful fondness hung.
 Thy causeless flight hath ruin'd thy good name,
 Broke all thy vows, and fill'd my face with shame,
 My heart with deepest woe, my eyes with tears,
 Thy friends and parents with distracting fears:
 O! would'st thou come, and hear our mournful tale,
 See how we 're chang'd! how sorrowful! how pale!
 Thy tender breast would strong relents find,
 For thou wast always pitiful and kind.
 O! leave the court before the storm is nigh,
 Thy stars may frown, or England's king may die;
 Heaven, to avenge my cause, may wrath employ,
 Envy prevail, or jealousy destroy:
 Think—EDWARD has a queen—(alas! for she
 One tear shall fall constrain'd by sympathy)

To her alone are his embraces due,
 That love is sinful he extends on you;
 Ponder what rage in her this must create,
 O! heav'n for ever save thee from her hate,
 And soon restore thee to my longing heart:
 O! come, the thought doth extacies impart,
 No murmur shall be heard, no tear be seen,
 Nor whisper say how cruel thou hast been.
 But this our fates deny, O! cruel fate!
 For thou wilt live ador'd in regal state,
 Know all the pleasures that from pomp can spring,
 The envy'd darling of a mighty king;
 But if, when years are o'er, thy pomp and power
 Remain the same, if then some midnight hour,
 In thought's revolving glass shall calmly show
 Thee fortunes past, and seasons long ago,
 Griefs, joys, compassions, thro' thy mind shall roll,
 And if, in the reflections of thy soul,
 (With pleasure cloy'd, and sinking into rest)
 One tender thought of me shall fill thy breast,
 How once I lov'd and left my native home,
 Prompt by despair thro' the wide world to roam,
 Think then thou seest me on some stormy coast,
 By tempests beaten, and by surges tost;
 Or pale and breathless on some shore unknown,
 And for the faithful love that I have shown;

Tho'

(Tho' folded in a sleeping king's embrace)
 A tear shall trickle down thy lovely face.
 Too late thou mayst the cruel wrongs deplore
 Of thy unhappy husband—MATTHEW SHORE.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

MADE UPON OUR MINDS

BY

STORIES OF APPARITIONS.

—A House haunted—the inhabitants frightened—and a ghost rattling his chains, *are* circumstances that are constantly reiterated to us in our infancy, and that makes such an impression upon our minds, as is extremely difficult to eradicate. The most rational men of all nations have agreed in disbelieving stories of this sort, which appear only the effects of fancy, and cannot be defended from the principles of religion, reason, or philosophy. They were first invented, perhaps, from a pious intention to keep mankind in awful reverence of heaven, and to affix a thorough belief of a future state.

Among the many extravagant opinions which, in religious matters, have been entertained in the world,

the *mortality of the soul* was a doctrine that was sufficiently prevalent in the days of Tully, to oblige him to a declaration of his own sentiments on that head. He says, "*Neque enim assentior iis, qui hæc nuper asserere cœperunt, cum corporibus simul animas interire, atque omnia morte deleri.*" 'I cannot agree with those, who have lately begun to assert that our souls perish with our bodies, and that death destroys all our faculties.' Bold and uncommon assertions are too often received with applause; but an assertion of this kind takes away the most comfortable prospect that human nature is capable of enjoying. It encourages the most impious practices that can be devised, and it imprints an idea of the Supreme Being absolutely repugnant to the wisdom, benignity, and goodness, that so visibly display themselves throughout the works of the creation. It is impossible, indeed, to join with Pliny in the credit he gives to fabulous accounts of ghosts and preternatural apparitions: on the other hand, it is equally impossible to conceive that our soul perishes entirely, and after a severe trial of threescore or fourscore years, moulders, like our body, into dust. We perceive in ourselves, and in all our species, a natural desire of complete and perfect happiness. Every action of our lives tends to this ultimate end. Our thoughts and faculties are

constantly

constantly employed to this particular purpose. We exert ambition, we pursue riches and honours, we form friendships and alliances, always with a view of possessing one certain particular situation, which exists only in our own thoughts, and cannot be found on this side of the grave. But since none of the effects of nature are formed in vain, and since all other beings, mankind excepted, enjoy benefits sufficient and satisfactory to their natural appetites, it is far from a presumption to believe that the ALMIGHTY cannot have implanted this natural desire so strongly in all the sons of Adams, without having allotted a proper and agreeable satisfaction for it: that satisfaction, we must confess, is not attainable within the limits of this world. Our most reasonable inference then is, to conclude, that it may be appropriated to a future state.

THE DREAM.

IWent to bed one night full of such thoughts and reflections as are naturally suggested to a considerate being, by a retrospect of our past lives; which altogether wrought so upon my mind, that
blending

blending itself insensibly with sleep, it formed the following vision:—

Methought I was instantly conveyed and set down in a place that my eye saw no end to. I looked on one side of me, and observed a gate of most exquisite workmanship, the parts that composed it were as fine as threads, and a child might have opened it, had it not been guarded by two very powerful, but beautiful figures, whose names I found to be PROVIDENCE and RELIGION. I saw in letters of gold written over it, “THE GATE OF LIFE.” I turned myself from this gate to look forward, and see what was to be done, when all at once I found myself very much dwindled in form and apprehension, suitable to a child of about seven or eight years old. I was quite charmed, however, with the endless variety I saw before me, hills, dales, woods, rivers, plains rising in prospect one above another.

I wandered with this playful fancy into the first path that presented itself, where I met with vast numbers of my own age conducted by governesses of very different dispositions; some of these little companions beat me, because I happened to gather flowers they were not able to find; others, who were dressed very fine, seemed to pity me for wearing plain clothes, and for having what they fancied a poor name and no governess.

As I wandered farther into this path, I saw a lovely woman approaching towards me, she was dressed in a long white robe, and a veil which almost entirely hid all her beauty, save what the sporting of a breeze discovered. Every body (for there were multitudes of people in the place) strove to see as much of her as they could; old and young pressed forward to look at her; whilst she, unmindful of them all, regarded nothing but the flowers, me, and my companions; this sweet person's name was SIMPLICITY. I must own I felt a pleasure not to be equalled when she took me by the hand, and seeing me without a guide, promised to conduct me for as long a time as I chose, or for ever. I made no scruple to resign myself to her direction: as there is no accounting for the workings of a dream, or any unity of time or place preserved in them, I cannot pretend to say how it was that I felt my stature and reason increasing, as I had before felt them diminish. I was employing myself in such tasks as my governess had allotted me, when a venerable person accosted me, telling me, that she was going to make a trial of that wisdom, that it was whispered about by my companions I was possessed of; that her name was EXPERIENCE; that she would be of more use to me in the path I had entered, than any person I could meet with; that if I slighted her I should

should bitterly repent it; and that though my governess was very amiable, and well-meaning, yet she was apt to lead people astray. As this address was delivered with some little severity, and at the same time reflected on my fair conductress, I gave no heed to it. A beautiful, blooming, tall figure of a man, who they told me was YOUTH, put a bandage over my eyes, and I saw my sage adviser no more.

The breezes of pleasure whistled in my ears; I went on swiftly, happy enough with SIMPLICITY at my side; she introduced me to AFFECTION, who embraced me with looks of bewitching tenderness; and entertained me with nothing but discourses of love and friendship. But as I advanced, I began to recollect the words of EXPERIENCE, and to wish I had paid a little more attention to her; for I found that both SIMPLICITY and her companion AFFECTION, were confoundedly mistaken in the persons they met with. They presented me in one day CIVILITY for ESTEEM, OBSTINACY for PERSEVERANCE and EXTRAVAGANCE for GENEROSITY. I found out afterwards, that they had industriously kept me in the most retired windings of this vast place, lest I should meet with EXPERIENCE, and so leave them; which whenever I spoke of, AFFECTION, who was infinitely enchanting, clung round me, protesting she would never leave me wherever I went. I found it very
difficult

difficult to get from either of these companions, though they were perpetually involving me in some misfortune. I sometimes thought I would endeavour to go back and find EXPERIENCE, but in essaying so to do, I found I had not the power to tread one step over again that I had already come.

Whilst I was in this cruel dilemma, I saw a tall figure that almost frightened me, he was called ADVICE; he had several heads and as many mouths, that were always talking, and contradicting each other; at times I thought I had heard some things that would prove for my advantage to follow; but before I could put it in practice, another of the heads told me something else; and PRUDENCE, who was very partial to this monster, stood by me, and intreated me to listen to all he said. I was not likely to reap much benefit from it, from the reasons I have related. Meantime my favourite guides SIMPLICITY and AFFECTION, who never left me for a moment, pointed to the Temple of Hymen, where I saw several votaries entering in all the extacy of youthful happiness and joy. I saw them all go in; and though I was sensible they could not return again by the way that they went, yet AFFECTION told me, there were large and ample fields for me to range in if I would try them.

A young

A young man whom AFFECTION presented to me, and who swore everlasting love, took me by the hand, and led me, or rather dragged me towards the temple; and though PRUDENCE and ADVICE roared aloud for me to come back, and consider, I hurried on, regardless of all they could say to me. AFFECTION and SIMPLICITY said they were two severe people, who thought of money only, and offered themselves to be my bride-maids. I entered into this place of irrevocable doom, and saw nothing formidable enough to make me repent. I parted with LIBERTY, who had been one of my constant companions, at the door, without a sigh; who let drop a tear as he fled away, saying, which I did not know before, "That I had treated him better than
 "most people he had ever attended." After I had been some time in the groves of MARRIAGE, I met with troops of new acquaintance; CARE and his numerous family were continually visiting me, nor did they keep away at all the more for my seeming not to admire their company. SICKNESS, a fell monster, kept me chained to my bed for a considerable time, and almost baffled the strength of MEDICINE and PATIENCE, two very powerful giants, to overcome him. In short, I saw SIMPLICITY and AFFECTION hang down their heads with sorrow, for the mischiefs they had unwittingly brought upon me.

me. Time stole away imperceptibly, and having overcome some of these difficulties, REFLECTION stood before me, and at her right hand I perceived my old friend EXPERIENCE, that had so friendly offered me her assistance in my earlier days, and whose advice I had so thoughtlessly abandoned, because it did not just then agree with my inclinations, and for which I had bitterly suffered. I burst into tears at the sight of her, and felt violent, but unavailing perturbations of heart. "Why, O EXPERIENCE!" said I, "were you so cruel as to leave me to such weak guides as you know I had with me, who were blind themselves, and could ill teach me to discern plainly? what had I done that you gave me up so soon? I have known some whom you have closely followed, not older than I was, and who have always partaken of your favours." 'The reason of that,' says this accomplished matron, 'is that I was well acquainted with their parents, and used to attend them from infants: and now,' returned she, pointing to a pair of lovely girls, whom MARRIAGE had given me, 'I have taught you a lesson; you know me well now, though somewhat too late for your happiness; I will make amends by my vigilance in favour of your offspring.'

I ran to throw my girls at her feet, with such violence and joy, that I awoke, and found that all this while I had been fast asleep in my own bed-chamber.

WINTER.

A POEM.

STERN Winter shews his hoary form,
 Dark clouds involve the sky;
 The plains beneath the ruthless storm
 In wild confusion lye.

The streams are bound in icy chains,
 The birds forget the lay;
 And while this solemn season reigns,
 The night surpasses day.

The rural walks, and shady bowers,
 Alas! give no delight;
 And tedious lag the lingering hours,
 Retarded in their flight.

The gardens yield a fainting blaze,
 Divest of every flow'r;
 And Phœbus darts oblique his rays,
 With faint and languid pow'r.

Tho' Nature seems to make a pause,
 And propagation stop;
 Unseen to man by secret laws,
 Prepares the future crop.

But

But blest with Phœbe's lovely smile,
 I brumal cares defy;
 While fancy wafts me to that isle,
 Crown'd with an azure sky.
 For she's the sun of all my bliss,
 Her presence gives me joy;
 What pleasure when she grants the kiss,
 Reluctant, seeming coy.
 She often bids her Jemmy think,
 The near approach of May
 Will bring him to the very brink
 Of wedlock's happy day.
 Then summer's beauties will return,
 And bloom afresh in spring;
 What reason then has man to mourn?
 Much rather let him sing.

ANECDOTE
 OF
 SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE following anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton
 shews an amiable simplicity in that great man,
 and proves his inattention to worldly affairs.

One of his philosophical friends abroad had sent him a curious *prism*, which was taken to the Custom-house, and was at that time a scarce commodity in this kingdom. Sir Isaac, laying claim to it, was asked by the officers what the value of the glass was, that they might accordingly regulate the duty. The great Newton, whose business was more with the universe, than with duties and draw-backs, and who rated the *prism* according to his own idea of its use and excellence, answered, "That the value was so great, he could not ascertain it." Being again pressed to set some fixed estimate upon it, he persisted in his reply, "that he could not say what was its worth, for that the value was inestimable." The honest Custom-house officers accordingly took him at his word, and made him pay a most exorbitant duty for the *prism*, which he might have taken away, upon only paying a rate according to the weight of the glass.



ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

THE late Mr. Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia: (her real name was Wilmot:) they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson. "Would to heaven," said he pointing to the trees, "that Delia could be "happy in the midst of these rustic avenues!" He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money," says he, "is not worth struggling for: you cannot be poorer "than I am. Unhappy man!" says he, throwing him his purse, "take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that, as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse

on

on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, ‘Take,’ says he, ‘the dear-bought price of my honesty:’ then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, ‘I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;’ and immediately burst into a flood of tears. This tale of distress greatly affected Shenstone. He inquired after the man’s character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious; but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings and other improvements, which made himself so poor; and when Shenstone died, this labourer bedewed his grave with true tears of gratitude.

ANECDOTE

OF

ACHILLES HARLAY,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

HE remained ever faithful to his sovereign. At the celebrated day of the Barricades in 1588, the Duke of Guise wished to attach him to his party.

Harlay

Harley replied, " That the rule of his conduct
 " should be the service of the king, and the good
 " of the state; and that he would sooner die than
 " depart from it."

The party of the league had him arrested and
 put into the Bastile. On entering that horrid for-
 tress, he said these remarkable words: " It is a
 " great pity, when the servant is able to dismiss the
 " master. My soul is God's, my heart is my so-
 " vereign's, and my body is in the hand of violence,
 " to do with it what it pleaseth."

ON

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Love's the most tender passion of the mind,
 The softest refuge innocence can find;
 The safe director of unguarded youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth.
 Heav'n in our cup this cordial drop has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

HOW few know in what happiness consists, or,
 knowing, pursue the means to attain it!
 Riches, ambition, and dissipation, delude mankind
 v in

in general into a vain research after happiness; while reciprocal Love, the genuine and only source of earthly felicity, is regarded merely as a matter of convenience, and as it may assist in the favourite pursuit of those imaginary enjoyments, wealth, vain aspiring pride, and lasciviousness. What can the miser's wealth,—what the power of the statesman,—what the vices of the dissolute,—bestow of pleasure comparable to that of a heart happy in a mutual passion, conscious of loving, and sure of being beloved?—not half so anxious to procure happiness to itself, as to communicate it to the dear object of its affections.

See how the many, who hunt after riches, lose the end in the means! for they pursue an object which flies before them in proportion as they hasten to overtake it, and to what purpose have they, during that pursuit, fled from real joys,—denied themselves the comforts, and barely existed by the necessaries of life, but to know an anxiety in preserving, equal to the pain of amassing their treasure?

Behold by what painful steps the son of ambition ascends to power! Every virtue must give way, every vice be assumed, as occasions require, and purposes demand. Every connection that blood or friendship has created, every sentiment that honour has nursed, must give place to circumspection, time-service,

service, cringing and lying. Behold him, by these meritorious acts, arrived at the summit, and wantoning in the full possession of power!—Yet, at the end of his hopes, he finds himself farther from the goal of his wishes than ever. For, alas! in the crowd of his attendants, HAPPINESS, which alone he sought after, alone is absent, and coyly disdains to yield up her charms to all the allurements that fortune can lavish; but instead of that lovely cherub, he finds the *fury* CARE approach nearer and nearer every step he mounts,—hover round the gilded roof,—follow in the shining train,—haunt him in the feasts of the sumptuous, in the assembly of the splendid; nor fly before the assiduity of dependants, the fawning of the courtiers, and the smiles of a monarch;—till unable longer to bear the hissing of the snakes, he, with transport, undoes the work of a life,—throws from him the cumbersome state he at such a rate had acquired; and, despairing of happiness, barter his ambition for quiet. Then, in the shade of retirement, mourns that he never had known wherein consisted the blessings of life, till it was too late to enjoy them.

Behold the Libertine, like a steed whom no friendly rein constrains, sets out in his precipitate course, indulging every passion, gratifying every sense;—not once inclining his ear to listen to the calls of reason,

that incessantly warn him of his folly and danger!—His outset too furious to last, see how he stops short in the middle of his career; his fortune dissipated, his morals sapped, and his vigour of youth blasted; then struggling with poverty, he drags along his miserable remains of life, whilst his dreams of happiness are converted into vain researches after momentary relief from pain, and even his wishes for ease disappointed by the upbraidings of conscience.

Should we not then be warned to caution by the danger of others; and while it is in our power, while no false allurements have seduced us, while rosy Hebe attends to bestow her blessing, seek happiness where alone it is to be found? In Love, where happiness is the end, and pleasure the means, much persuasion cannot be necessary. No thorny paths affright the tender traveller, but flowers deck the ground:—fragrance breathes in the air, and music enchants in every tree, that adorns the delightful passage to this habitation of the happy. There youth is wasted in raptures which it only can taste, and love only can bestow. There, when the blaze subsides into the gentle flame,—when age has mellowed passion into friendship,—the eve of life is passed in that sweet satisfaction, which they only enjoy who can reflect with pleasure on the past. But, alas! now-a-days too oft we see parents sacri-

fice

fice their children to mercenary views, and alienate
 their affections from the only person who, perhaps,
 could make them happy. To this too frequent,
 unparental custom, are we indebted for the many
 unhappy families with which this kingdom abounds.
 It is, doubtless, the immediate duty of every father
 to deliver his sentiments on the choice of his child;
 but it is an authority that neither the laws of God
 or man justify, to restrain their natural affections;
 nor would any parent, upon the candid represen-
 tation of a dutiful child, withhold his consent to an
 honourable alliance, where their love was reciprocal,
 and their education and family not derogatory; for
 he must, if he is possessed of understanding, know
 that from matches made on the pure principles of
 love, results the most permanent felicity; and what
 more can the most indulgent parent wish his most
 darling child? If he dies before his offspring, he
 will, in the latest moments of reflection, enjoy the
 happy satisfaction of having contributed his aid in
 the security of that bliss he leaves his child in pos-
 session of,—the virtuous enjoyment of a tender pair,
 participating each other's happiness, and sympathi-
 zing in each other's woe. If he lives beyond them,
 he sees them blessed in youth, content in age.
 Death, not armed with those terrors which affrighten
 the rest of mortals, how easy the transition, since
 their

their life only proves an anticipation of the scene it opens to them! Their dying eyes close with the prospect of pleasures that flow for ever,—with a prospect of living over again their days of rapture in love and in youth:—in love which shall never more be impaired;—in youth, which shall never again know decay! How preferable the state of this parent to that who, sacrificing his child to prejudiced opinions of his own, without consulting natural affection, sees the irrevocable deed replete with wretchedness to his unhappy offspring, and dies under the agonizing issue, that he has made the first duty of a child, parental obedience, subservient to his own capricious and ill-judged designs, and productive of misery, and the most poignant distress, to a child who never had offended! What can be the death-bed reflections of this man? Too severe for my description!—I'll pause upon the sad reverse.

ON HOPE.

HOPE, thou best gift of heaven! when the gloom of distress gathers around me, let me never know the want of thy cheering ray. But can
I ever

I ever want thy presence? I am ready to hope my sufferings will have their change; when I consider the perpetual change of nature, I see the rudest storm succeeded by the gentlest calm; the dulness of night, by the light of day; and the thick-gathered clouds dispersed by a breath, making the wide expanse fair to view. All the distresses of nature are thus changed to cheerfulness. And so with man, the rude blast of fortune subsides into the calm of patience: our congregated griefs are eased by a shower of tears; and heart-oppressive sorrow is dispersed by the ray of hopeful expectation. Thus our afflictions, like envenomed serpents, bear with them an antidote for their own poison. When I consider the changes of man, HOPE is always my companion: fortune's wheel of life, being in continual rotation, is the cause, as some descend, others ascend; and if I be now on the lowest spoke, unless its motion stop, I may reasonably expect to be higher; and at any rate there is this comfort, I cannot be lower than the lowest. As the sun doth not stop in its meridian glory, but continue to decline till entirely set, so let not the man, who hath reached the pinnacle of his ambition, exult, but rather fear his approaching decline, which soon may end, and not leave a trace of his having so gloriously existed.

I have

I have always thought Hope the gale of life, which fills the sails of our bark, and prevents its laying as a hulk on this sea of troubles. Another reason I am never without the comforts of hope is, when I reflect that every man hath his different course: how then can the gale at one time be propitious to us all? While it is adverse to me, others are sailing to their desired port: she then whispers me, *Despair not; to-morrow the wind may change, so as to waft you to the port of your desire.*

ON AMBITION.

THE objects of ambition, when possessed, lose their charm as the inviting beauty of painting vanishes, when you approach too near, leaving you to wonder where the breathing lips, the soul-speaking eye, and the heaving bosom, could have flown. This delusion of our senses is not more than of our fancy. Glory, in his dawn, arrays himself in the modest blushes of the sun just risen from the bosom of Thetis; but those blushes inkindle into flaming desires, as those of the sun rising to its meridian; and then, like him in his fullest blaze, his effulgence is often obscured by the cloud of envy.

Power

Power also deceives you in her enticements. Doth the eye of majesty catch the rays of the crown's resplendency? No. When on his brow, how can he see its beauty, unless the mirror of his subjects' hearts, unstained by oppression, reflect on him his real beauty. However that be, he is certain to feel its weight and the thorny cares.

Riches in view, picture to your fancy a thousand pleasures you are to enjoy in their company; but such enjoyments lose their relish, either by too often a repetition, or the extravagance of their cost.

The various inticements of love are of all the most alluring. Fancy decks them with her delusive charms. When she has exhausted her whole store, she robs nature, stealing colours from the lily and the rose, rays from the diamond, honey from the bee, and even will take the graces from heaven, and music from the spheres, to render the fair one more attractive and adorable. Thus we see the colours of the rose and lily blooming on her cheeks—the rays of the diamond sparkling in her eyes—the sweets of the bee resting on her lips—the graces attend on her steps—and the enchantments of harmony are heard in her voice. When possessed, fancy flies, and with her takes all the charms of the fair one. The rose and lily-bloom have left her cheeks—her eyes languish for the diamond's ray—the bee has robbed

robbed her lips,—her steps are unattended by the graces,—and ear-grating discord is heard, instead of heavenly music, with which her voice held before the soul in enchantment. In this manner do all our most flattering pursuits beguile us of that happiness which first excited our ambition.

ANECDOTE

OF

MARSHAL WADE.

THE late Marshal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there: at one of which places, one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round; keeping the dice-box four of five mains before he was out; when recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person dressed

dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell; and it was proposed to search him first; who, desiring to be heard, declared, "I know the Marshal well; yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall subject me to be searched whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a foldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting; follow me into next room, where I will defend that honour or perish."

The eyes of all were turned on the Marshal for an answer, who, clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box (supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit) in a secret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him on the occasion, that he had so slightly given way to suspicion. Remorse; mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately; 'Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon; and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me among your friends.' It may

may be easily supposed the invitation was accepted; when, after some conversation, the Marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched. "Why, Marshal," returned the officer, "being upon half-pay, and "friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: "I had that day very little appetite; and, as I could "not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, "the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were "then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket; "the thought of which being found there, appeared "ten times more terrible than fighting the room "round."—"Enough! my dear boy; you have 'said enough! Your name? Let us dine at Sweet's 'to-morrow: we must prevent your being subjected 'again to such a dilemma.' They met next day; and the Marshal presented him a captain's commission, with a purse of guineas, to enable him to join the regiment.

AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

THE Caliph Mottawakel had a physician belonging to him, who was a Christian, named Homain. One day, after some incidental conversation,

fation, " I would have thee," said the Caliph, " teach me a prescription, by which I may take off " any enemy I please, and yet at the same time shall " never be discovered." Homain declining to give an answer, and pleading ignorance, was imprisoned.

Being brought again, after a year's interval, into the Caliph's presence, and still persisting in his ignorance, though threatened with death, the Caliph smiled upon him, and said, " Be of good cheer, we " were only willing to try thee, that we might have " the greater confidence in thee."

As Homain upon this bowed down and kissed the earth: " What hindered thee," said the Caliph, " from granting our request, when thou saw'st us appear so ready to perform what we had threatened?" " Two things," replied Homain, " my religion, and " my profession; my religion, which commands me " to do good to my enemies; my profession, which " was purely instituted for the good of mankind." " Two noble laws!" said the Caliph, and immediately presented him (according to the Eastern usage) with rich garments, and a sum of money.



ON RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

THE mind of man is so constituted, as to be incapable of retaining its force long, without some kind of relaxation: a constant succession of the same ideas, especially if they be of an unpleasant cast, frequently terminates in madness: therefore all wise law-givers have found some kind of public diversion indispensibly necessary:—and I believe, if the misguided followers of the false pretenders to superior sanctity, and extraordinary communications from heaven, had, at proper seasons, partook of the innocent pleasures of life, Bedlam had wanted a very considerable part of its inhabitants. It is indeed melancholy to reflect on the multitudes of poor wretches, whose reason has been sacrificed to the unchristian and merciless treatment of these teachers, whose own gloominess of mind, and want of social affections, have made them represent the benevolent Creator of all things, as a Being not to be thought of without horror; their doctrines are, in all respects, so different from the mild and merciful Spirit of the Gospel, that I think we need look no farther for one great cause of the growth of infidelity: but ascribe it to the terrifying
and

and unamiable pictures these erroneous guides (who have the impiety to pretend to a particular divine inspiration) have drawn of that Benignant Power, whose delight is in mercy: and of that religion to which one may peculiarly apply what is said in the sacred writings of virtue and piety, in general, under the character of wisdom, "*Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*"

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

THE expressions of those affections under its various forms, are no other than native effusions of the human heart. Ignorance may mislead, and superstition may corrupt them, but their origin is derived from sentiments that are essential to man.

Wherever men have existed, they have been sensible that some acknowledgment was due, on their part, to the Sovereign of the world; which Christian revelation has placed in such a light, as one should think were sufficient to everawe the most thoughtless, and to melt the most obdurate mind.

But religious worship, disjoined from justice and virtue, can, on no account whatever, find acceptance with the Supreme Being.—Because it is for the sake of

of

of man that worship and prayers are required, that he may be rendered better, and acquire those pious and virtuous dispositions, in which his highest improvement consists.

BON MOT OF PHILIP IV.

PHILIP IV. having lost the kingdom of Portugal, Catalonia, and some other provinces, took it into his head to take the surname of *Great*; on which the Duke of Medina-Celi said, “Our master is like a hole, which grows the greater the more it loses.”









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